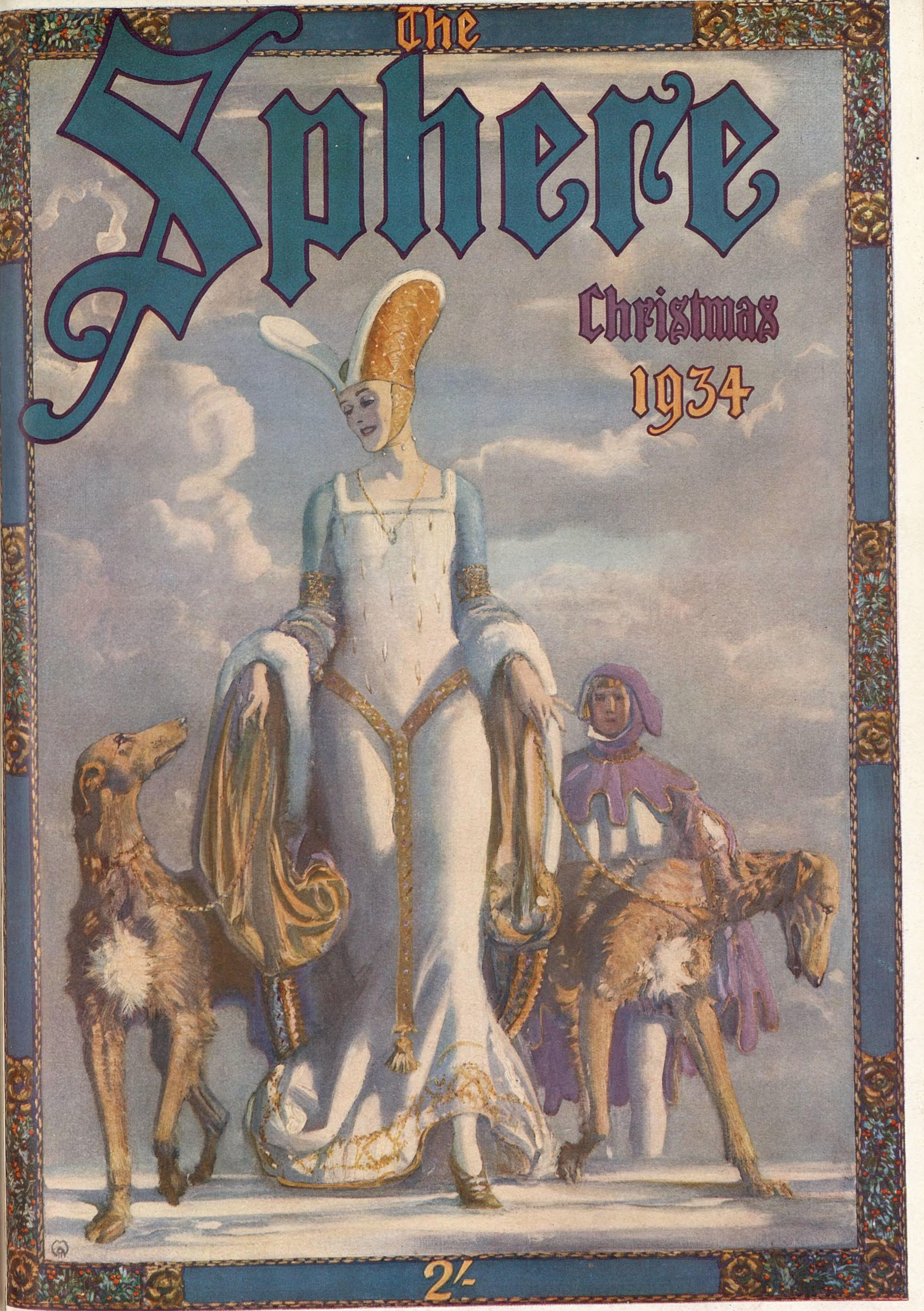
# The Sphere

## Christmas 1934



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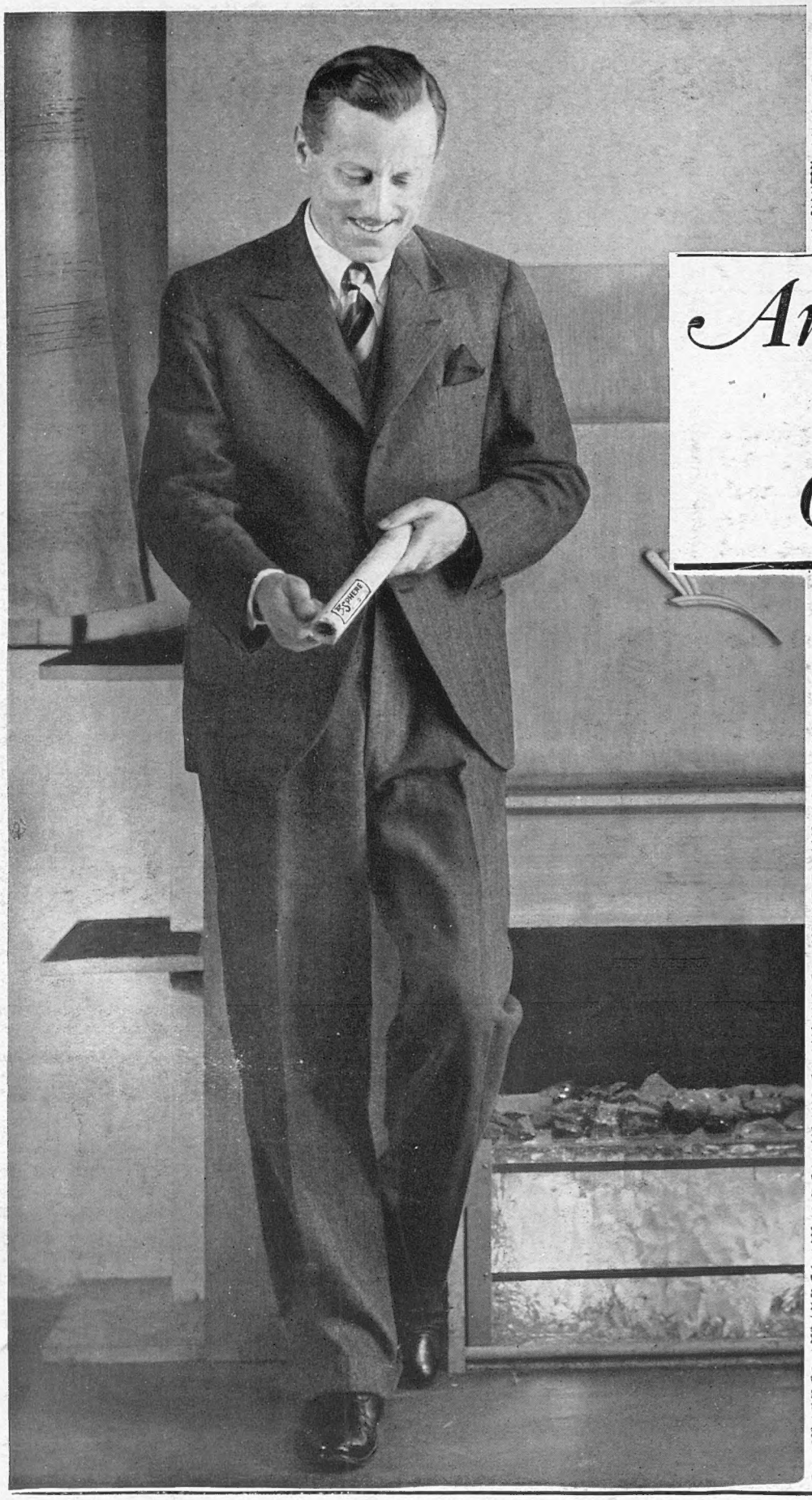

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148.P.194

Volume CXXXVIII. No 1817a
Price Two Shillings

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Drawn by George Morrow

# NOEL NOEL

## The Star Song

*A Carol sung to the King at Whitehall.*

1.
Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lily-banks among?

2.
Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dewlight; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3.
Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find Him out.

*Star.*
No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A Princely Babe in's mother's breast.

*Chor.*
Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty Twelfth-tide King
Each one his several offering;
And when night comes we'll give him wassailing;
And that His treble honours may be seen,
We'll choose Him King, and make his mother Queen.

ROBERT HERRICK.

*The Virgin and Child, by Sandro Botticelli, formerly in Florence; now in U.S.A.*

*A Limoges enamel reliquary in the shape of a gabled edifice with transept.*

# CHRIST is BORN

## Christmas Carol

*A new Carol, written for this Christmas issue of the Sphere.*

Good Christian folk, ope wide your door,
For at this time 'tis meet
That you should list whilst we once more
The Angels' Song repeat:

"Glory to God in highest heaven,
And to the earth be peace;
May sweet good-will in every heart
Bid war and strife to cease."

Our God above His boundless love
Waits on us all to pour;
O let us turn our falt'ring steps
To Him, and Him adore!

His glorious kingdom may we seek
To spread from Pole to Pole,
Until the news of Bethlehem's Babe
Reach every darken'd soul!

O Christian friends, let us not rest
Until throughout the earth
The glorious Gospel's joyful strains
Resound with holy mirth,

And songs of glory rise to Him,
Our own Divinest Lord;
And speed the time when He shall be
By all the world adored!

S. K.

# CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS

*The Hon. Christine Weld-Forester, from the painting by HARRINGTON MANN*

Little Christine, who was born in 1932 and who has just been delightfully portrayed with her yellow doll by Mr. Mann, is the daughter of the seventh Baron Forester, whose country seat is at Willey Park, Shropshire. Her father is a Major of the Royal Horse Guards and an owner of many acres, and her mother is a daughter of the late Sir Herbert Perrott, Bart., and is an officer of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

*Julia Woodforde, disguised, enters the Trappist Monastery at Lulworth.*

# Julia Woodforde and the Trappist Monk

*The Woodforde family were great diarists. It became a tradition in the family and generation after generation kept their diaries. Serious doctors of divinity, quiet country parsons, physicians and artists and their womenfolk, placid wives and sprightly daughters all jotted down the daily happenings, the weather, the illnesses of the family and their friends, their purchases, and their general reflections. The earliest diary was written by Robert Woodforde, Steward of Northampton, who died in 1654, and since then the diaries have been continued. A considerable number of these diaries have survived the accidents which so often befall literary manuscripts, but a great number have been lost or destroyed. As late as 1909 a great collection of letters, diaries and notebooks were inadvertently sold as wastepaper on the death of the member of the family who had carefully kept them. One of the diaries, that of the Rev. James Woodforde, has been published under the title "The Diary of a Country Parson," and the latest publication, "Woodforde Papers and Diaries" by Miss Dorothy Heighes Woodforde gives selections from the diaries of Mary Woodforde (1684—1690); of Nancy Woodforde, being the year 1792; of Samuel Woodforde, R.A., and the letters and journal which concern the romance of Julia Woodforde and the Trappist Monk, which occurred about 1815.*

THE Reign of Terror drove the religious orders out of France to seek seclusion in other lands, and one little eddy from this vast disturbance reached the rocky coast of Dorset and caused two young people to suffer the tremulous joys and heartrending pangs of lovers parted for long periods of time and by great distances of space.

One of these *émigré* orders, the Trappists, set about establishing a centre at Lulworth in 1794 under the Abbot Dom Augustine Lestrange. The construction of a set of monastic buildings was begun and after two years was completed and dedicated to Saint Susan. From time to time Dom Lestrange sent monks to join the little community, and though the majority were French, there were English, Irish and Spanish monks among them.

These Trappists followed the reforms of Lestrange, and led a life of extreme hardship and privation. From accounts of their mode of life written by visitors to the monastery it appears that all speech was forbidden except to a Superior, and then only when permission had been obtained. Their day, which commenced at 1 o'clock, was spent in saying their various offices and in manual labour, either in the monastery or on their farm. Water was the only drink allowed, and their food consisted of coarse bread, vegetables, cheese and eggs, but even these were forbidden on fast days. They slept in their day garments (tunics of thick woollen cloth) on bare boards. No woman was allowed to enter the monastery; and the punishment for the slightest disobedience of the rules of the Order was of the utmost severity.

When these monks first settled at Lulworth in 1794 it is hardly surprising that they became the subject of much rumour and gossip in the neighbourhood. Not only had they come from France, where the Reign of Terror was still in progress, but their mode of life and the secrecy which surrounded their little community were facts sufficient to arouse much curiosity.

Even when the neighbourhood had become used to them, new stories about the monastery were spread by visitors. Gossip called them French spies, and it was said also that some of them had gone mad through the privations they suffered, others had tried to escape and had died through the severity of their punishments.

Julia Woodforde must have been just as curious as the rest of her sex to hear all about this mysterious male community which was so insistent that no woman should ever approach its gates. It probably did not take much persuasion on her part to induce her father to allow her to accompany him on a visit there. The "Nephew Bill" who had caused his Uncle James so much unease of mind was not far distant from Colonel William Woodforde; and he must have chuckled as he walked through Lulworth village on his way to the monastery, accompanied by a slim young officer, whom he presently introduced to the Abbot as an army friend.

It was during this visit that Julia first saw the young Irish monk, Brother Thomas, and he seems to have been the only monk to suspect that the silent and observant young man was not so masculine as the riding boots and military cloak indicated.

The story continues that Julia met the young monk again, this time wandering along the sea shore not far from the monastery grounds, and that this meeting was the first of several which took place without the knowledge of either Colonel Woodforde or the Abbot of the monastery.

The young monk must have told Julia of his hatred of the life in the monastery, and of his longing to escape and turn Protestant, and of the difficulties which stood in his way, the chief of which were that he had no friends in England and no money. Between them they devised a plan, which was that he should try to meet Colonel Woodforde in one of his walks, and tell him of his desire to leave the monastery and ask him if he would assist him.

Colonel Woodforde seems to have readily promised to assist, and with the aid of one or two friends the young monk's escape was arranged. Speed was necessary, for the Abbot of the monastery, Dom Antoine, already suspected that Brother Thomas was planning to escape, and a strict watch was being kept on his movements.

One night in January, 1816, the young monk made his way unobserved from the monastery to a cave on the shore, sometimes used by smugglers. There he found Colonel Woodforde and his friends waiting for him with a complete outfit of sailor's clothes as a disguise.

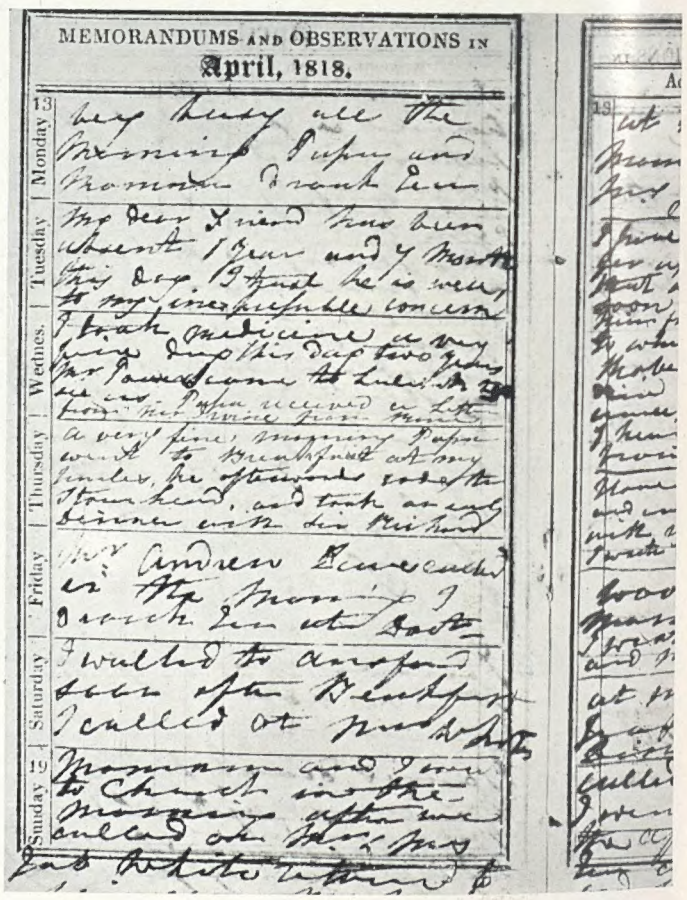
While the monk was changing into these clothes the little party were startled by the sudden entrance of two Preventive Officers with pistols in their hands. In the dim light they did not recognise Colonel Woodforde and his friends, and demanded what they were doing in the cave at such an hour.

Matters were soon explained, and the officers were surprised to find that one of the men was Julia Woodforde, again wearing breeches and military cloak. James Power spent the rest of the night with a friend near Lulworth, and in the morning as soon as it was light he set off on horseback for Blandford, where Colonel Woodforde's friend, the Rev. Charles James Hoare, was waiting to receive him. James Power brought a number of grave charges against the Abbot of the monastery, which led to a thorough investigation of the whole matter by the Government.

To what extent these charges were justified is not clear, but Lord Clifford ordered the Abbot to accept only French novices in the monastery in future, which order the Abbot refused to obey. Lord Clifford then made it clear that the community had only been allowed to settle in England as French refugees, and that now there was nothing to prevent their return to France. The monastery of Melleray in Brittany was purchased, and in July, 1817, the monks left Lulworth and embarked on the French frigate *Revanche* for France.

James Power was a native of Waterford. At the time of his escape from the monastery at Lulworth he was not a novice, for he had been on at least one missionary journey to the West Indies, probably *en route* for America or Canada,

(*Continued on page 52*)


MEMORANDUMS AND OBSERVATIONS IN
April, 1818.

13 Monday
19 Sunday

*A leaf from one of Julia's diaries containing a brief entry relating to "her dear friend, who has been absent 1 year and 7 months this day. I trust he is well to my inexpressible concern."*

# THE PEARL NECKLACE

A Christmas Interlude
Illustrated by
Hookway Cowles.

. . . . " Enid gave one rapid glance at the pearls and then heard herself saying, " Yes, Joyce, dear, they really are lovely. You're a very lucky girl." So Harry had given Joyce a string of pearls from one of the best jewellers in town. *Her* man—Harry of all people. She stared into the darkness of the panelled room unseeingly. " I must pull myself together." She pressed both cheeks with her hands in an effort to suppress a rising flood of emotion. " Harry, Harry," she kept on repeating to herself. Of course, Joyce had the advantage of a year or two and her tall supple figure would be bound to attract—she had had a presentiment all the morning that something was going to happen and now it had come with a thunderclap—no it was only Joyce snapping to the lid of the box. She was standing there, wondrously tall and obviously ridiculously happy. Enid realized in a moment the meetings, the letters, snatches of conversation; and she could do nothing. She rose, walked towards the door and smiled a little cynically. " On Christmas morning " she murmured, and then there was a flying open of doors and in rushed a merry scramble of children . . . .

*The Duchess of Devonshire touches the pictures with her magic wand*

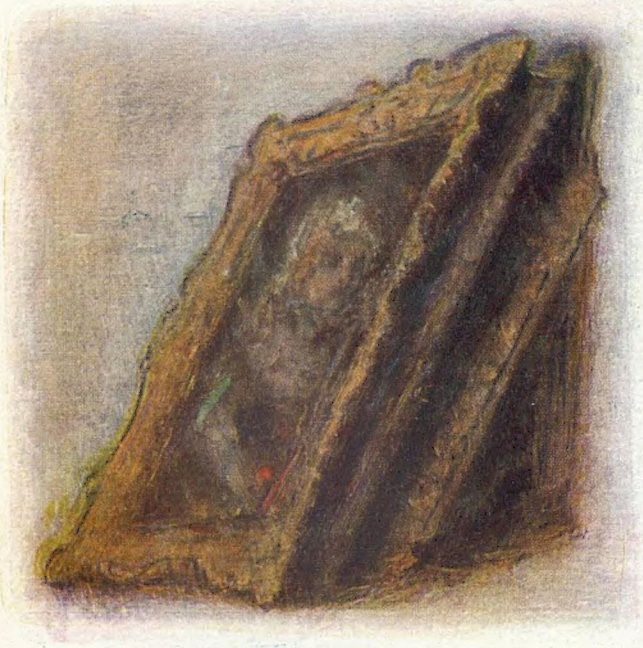
# THE PIC

## A Dream
## Children
## Told and

### *The Arrangement of It*

So the Duchess called her boy (Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*), known to his intimate friends as "Little Boy Blue," and talked it all over with him. He said he did not want a Ball, because he hated for ever dancing, and couldn't they have games of some sort instead, with decent refreshments—ices, and strawberries and cream, and lemonade and all that sort of thing? So the Duchess promised him whatever he liked, whenever he liked. And the Blue Boy said he'd help with a party—just a proper party. He said he would get those girls, the Gainsborough Sisters, to give a hand—they looked a bit squeamish but weren't bad after a bit if only they'd leave off for ever chasing butterflies. So the Duchess of Devonshire, aided by her great friend, Gainsborough's beautiful Mrs. Siddons,* assisted by the Blue Boy,† and the two little daughters of Gainsborough, Margaret and Mary,‡ arranged and sent out the invitations

* *Mrs. Siddons.* Gainsborough. National Gallery.
† *Blue Boy.* Gainsborough. U.S.A.
‡ *Two Little Daughters of Gainsborough.* Gainsborough. National Gallery.



*Some of the pictures were getting musty and dusty*

### *The Explanation of It*

Things had been very quiet for a long time—people were tired of Picture Galleries and the Pictures were sick to death with people staring at them. Couldn't something be done?

The only excitement the poor Pictures ever had was when the glass was taken out to be cleaned, for then they were able to stretch themselves a bit, but even that was dull enough, for the cleaners did not take the slightest notice of them, not even by so much as a glance, and talked to one another about the most uninteresting things. At last matters became so unendurable that something *had* to be done to give a little life to the Pictures—they were getting musty and dusty and fusty and out of date.

### *The Beginning of It*

A rumour was afloat that there was to be a party. All the Pictures in the gallery were whispering about it. No one knew who was giving the party, but already it was decided who was to be there.

At last a most charming lady, not having received an invitation and feeling quite out of it (though no one else had any invitation either, but nobody mentioned it), decided to give a party herself in the grounds of Hampton Court Palace; this charming lady being no less a person than Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire of historic fame.

*"Robinetta" trips along, eating her supper while she goes*

# TURE PARTY:

## of how "Old Master" came to Life . . pictured by *Ethel Everett*

to the Picture Party, which was to take place in the Gardens of Hampton Court Palace.

### *The Anticipation of It*

The excitement in the Galleries was intense. Nothing could be done with any one. Everyone thought everybody they liked ought to go, and nobody they disliked ought to be included. Canvasses were heard to crack, frames rattled, glass broke of its own accord, one Picture even fell down off the wall, and a workman scratched his head and said he knew it meant that "Something was up!"

### *The Day of the Party*

At last the Day of the Picture Party came—it was sunny and beautiful—a May morning—perfect weather. The Duchess of Devonshire, all a-flutter with anticipation and feeling quite stiff with having kept her neck in one position for so long, stepped with her old-time grace and elegance out of the frame and noiselessly tripped unseen out of the Gallery before any one was astir! With a tap of her ebony stick she found herself by magic in front of the Picture of each guest in turn and with a gracious smile handed them out of their time-honoured frames.

*The Boy With the Rabbit dances with the Age of Innocence*

### *Some of the Guests*

The first guest was the darling *Age of Innocence**. The Duchess kissed her sweet face, but her poor little legs were so cramped with sitting on them she could hardly stand.

Another quick tap of the ebony stick and the Duchess stood before the *Boy With Rabbit*.† He moved stiffly, though the Rabbit was quite lively, but in a minute the Boy was quite himself, for he doffed his furry cap and bowed low to the Duchess—then ran down the Gallery after his Rabbit.

The dear little *Strawberry Girl*‡ was the next guest. She greeted the Duchess with her irresistible smile and at once offered her a strawberry.

The next guest was *Miss Murray*.§ As she neared the Picture the Duchess heard a laugh, faint and clear, as it were, from a great distance. "I'm coming, darling!" called the Duchess, and in an instant she stood in front of little *Miss Murray*, tapping the frame with her magical stick. "Good morning, Your Grace!" said the laughing little maid. "It's lovely of you to come for me. May I jump?" and with a graceful bound, like a young fawn, she was at the feet of the Duchess.

And then it was *Pinkie's*‖ turn. The Duchess tapped on the frame of her Picture, and such a breeze there was, for the glass opened like a door and let out the draught and *Pinkie* stepped out with it, her frock and pink ribbons streaming out like gossamer, looking sweet, dainty and lovely as ever.

* *Age of Innocence*. Reynolds. National Gallery.
† *Boy With Rabbit*. Raeburn. Dulwich.
‡ *Strawberry Girl*. Reynolds. Wallace.
§ *Miss Murray*. Lawrence. Ken Wood.
‖ *Pinkie*. Lawrence. U.S.A.

*"Pinkie" floats away, looking like a large and lovely flower*

The next little guest was *Master Philip Yorke*,* with his Robin and his Dog. He was such a Baby. The Duchess lifted him down out of his frame and the Robin was so tame, it did not fly away, but still sat on his little arm. The Duchess called to the *Blue Boy* to give him a pickaback to join the others, because he was so very little.

The next little guest the Duchess came to was *Robinetta*.† When the Duchess tapped for her she sprang lightly up with a smile and her dear little Robin fluttered from her shoulder on to the black ebony stick of the Duchess—it stretched its tiny wings and broke into a lovely Robin Song.

And now she simply flew to fetch the last guest of all—for such a noise you never heard. It was that noisy *Boy With a Drum* (Reynolds) and such a rub-a-dub-dub he was making. The Duchess put up her finger for him to "hush," and the Boy stopped beating his drum.

"I beg your Grace's pardon," he said. "I was so afraid you had forgotten all about me!" "Oh, dear, no, my (*Continued on page* 42)

* *Master Philip Yorke*. Reynolds. Ken Wood.
† *Robinetta*. Reynolds. National Gallery.

*The party at Hampton Court was the greatest success. The Blue Boy, the Boy With a Drum, Master Lambton, the little Strawberry Girl and the rest dancing to their hearts' delight*

# THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

A description of their final state when, the smoke of battle having passed away, they became HULKS, and served as hospitals, prisons and depôt ships.

By CECIL KING.

JACK ASHORE : From a drawing by Rowland Hilder.

SINCE Noah first experienced the advantages afforded by a ship, as a refuge from the elements, mastless ships, or hulks, have been used at various times and for a variety of purposes. Sometimes they were stranded keel uppermost, like Mr. Peggotty's dwelling at Yarmouth. More usually they floated, being contrived out of the hulls of warships—mostly prizes—which were superannuated or otherwise unfitted for active service; such hulks were frequently enough seen, when Dibdin was alive, to furnish him with his famous simile for Tom Bowling, and for many years after the Napoleonic Wars they were a common feature in the reaches of the Thames and the Medway.

The charming composition which is the subject of the larger of these colour plates is attributed to William Collingwood Smith, who was born, in the year of Waterloo, at Greenwich and was, no doubt, familiar, as a lad, with the hulk which was drawn at Woolwich by E. W. Cooke, in 1829, and which forms the subject of one of his well-known series of shipping scenes. This Woolwich ship—formerly described as Cook's *Discovery*—was one of the prison-hulks which formed the alternative to transportation, until such barbarities were swept away in mid-Victorian days. Perhaps the young Collingwood Smith was as deeply impressed by it as was Pip, in *Great Expectations*, by the hulks of his own youth. The last of these floating dungeons came to an inglorious end in 1857, when the artist was in his early forties.

⁂

Previously hulks had been employed for the confinement of prisoners of war, a subject which has quite a literature of its own, one of the most famous works being that written and illustrated by the French marine painter Garneray, reference to which appears later. Before naval hospitals became universal, hulks were often used for this purpose also, at Chatham and elsewhere, and the general appearance of the nearer of those here illustrated leads us to think that this French-looking craft was one of these—the door and staircase in the bows being fitted for the handling of serious cases. But, as the artist has not explained to us the locality of his subject, we are reduced to conjecture. Although he was probably an admirer of Clarkson Stanfield, he is not generally known as a marine painter, but the square hances of his 50-gun frigate, his floating topmast and many other features are convincing enough, as are the heavy wooden clenches on the sides of his two hulks. There is even what appears to be a bumboat, with the predecessor of Little Buttercup seated astern, among the groceries, green or otherwise. The *Dreadnought*, which served at Trafalgar, became a hospital for merchant seamen and she and her successors were familiar sights at Greenwich until the early seventies of last century.

When a warship went into dock, hulks were employed for housing her guns and other details of her equipment. Sheer-hulks, for hoisting in masts, by means of sheer-legs, were already common in the seventeenth century: Sir John Narbrough, at Sheerness six days after the Battle of Sole Bay, wrote: "... This day I had the Hulk on board" (alongside) "and took out our masts and set the Topmast again and clapped rigging on it. . ." Probably the topmast in this picture is being floated down to some vessel similarly in need of repair.

⁂

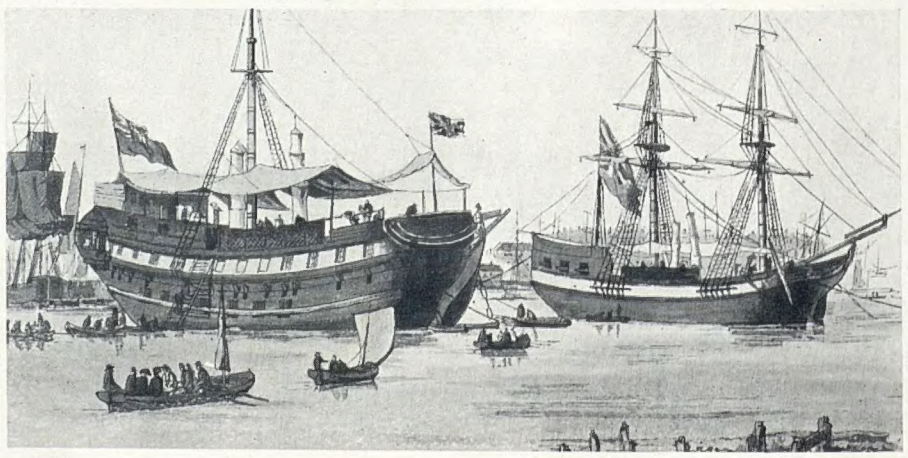
A seaman, before being drafted to a ship, was sent on board a hulk known as a receiving ship and this, in the days of the Press Gang, was in effect a prison-ship also. Although no official uniform for the lower deck existed in Nelson's day, the black handkerchief—square until recently—was already in use, and the men in any one vessel probably had a uniform appearance, through the slop-chest clothing being supplied *en serie*. We see, however, from naval prints, that there was some variety and that Jack ashore often dressed up in very fancy clothing, there being no dress regulations for *him* until 1857. Pets, including the traditional parrot, were probably as common then as now not only aboardship but ashore as well, since the contemporaries of Tom Bowling must have found quarantine arrangements to be easy and psittacosis was unknown.

Ambrose Louis Garneray became what is known in a modern French Navy List as a Peintre du Département de la Marine, or official marine painter. He seems to have learned to draw in a prisoner-of-war hulk and has left us an amusing drawing of himself sketching one of his guards. He was captured in 1806 and sent on board the ex-French vessel *Protée*. In his book *Mes Pontons* he gives a lurid description of life on board this and others of the pontoons or hulks in Porchester River, which—though no doubt exaggerated—affords a picture of a state of things which reflects the barbarous ideas of the time. Prisoners, naval or military, of the rank and file, were often sent to shore prisons, such as Princetown—specially built for the purpose—and in an old Devon moulding-loft, said to have been used for war prisoners, the writer has seen, scratched on a window-pane, a few bars of "Partant pour la Syrie," which is believed to have been composed in Eighteen Hundred and War Time by a Bonaparte princess. In other cases hulks were employed, such officers as refused to give parole receiving the same treatment as their men.

⁂

Garneray's first impression of these hulks is not unlike that of Pip and he compares the *Protée* to an immense sarcophagus. The prisoners were herded together amidships and spent their time in gambling, often with tragic results, or in making bone ship-models and other objects which are now familiar to us. Garneray assures us that these were made with nothing but an old knife. The prisoners wore a suit of yellow material, stamped with the T.O. of the Transport Office, and this was probably quite as practical as the P.G. seen on German uniforms behind the French lines in the late war, or the coloured cloth let into those worn by prisoners who worked in our own back areas. None the less, prison breaking was by no means infrequent and officers sometimes refused to give parole, preferring to endure hardship, and retain the chance of escape. Prisoners were sometimes released or exchanged, and before Napoleon's advent to power this was comparatively easy and was sometimes effected "on the spot": the writer has seen a gracious letter from an English captain in the Mediterranean to the mother of Infernet (who afterwards commanded the *Intrépide* at Trafalgar), acquainting her of the pleasure which it gave him to return her son to her. The logs of the prison ships often contain interesting matter relating to the daily routine, discipline, cleanliness, and so forth. In one case there is a reference to the rejection of food unfit for consumption, since honesty was not always conspicuous among contractors; and those who study military history might find suggestive matter in such a reference as this: "29th Mar 1799. Discharged 52 Dutch prisoners of War into the 60th Regt. of Foot, by order of the Transport Board." Perhaps they went to Martinique with Löwenstein's Chasseurs.

Hulks are still used in various ways: as guard boats, for the storing of powder or other materials, as yacht-club houses, or in connection with naval establishments. In many cases the wooden ships were replaced by those of iron and steel—some, like the iron-clad *Warrior*, having represented at some date or another the last word in naval construction. It is probable that few who had occasion to visit H.M.S. *Egmont* at Malta a score of years back saw in her the many-masted *Achilles* of a previous generation, and the famous *Powerful* of the Boer War must have been largely unrecognised when—shorn of her upper gear—she became part of the *Impregnable* establishment at Plymouth. Even when entirely bereft of their masts and rigging, the old wooden hulks presented a picturesque and romantic aspect, and their almost total disappearance is one of the many sacrifices which we have made to progress.



A group of hulks moored along the shore at the Tower, from Pyne's coloured plate, published in 1805. The writer of the notes accompanying this picture stated that the conditions of the prison hulks had greatly improved of recent years.

# RICHARD WHALLEY BRIDGMAN AND HIS BROTHER WILLIAM

From a painting by Henry Singleton, signed and dated 1786

This charming conversation piece is in the possession of Messrs. Agnews, of Old Bond Street, by whose permission it is reproduced here. The brother Richard is described as a lawyer and clerk to the Grocers' Company. He was married at St. John's, Wapping, to Mary Haydon. The standing figure is described as his "naval brother William," but no naval records confirm this description, in spite of what looks like an obvious hint in the vessel shown through the window. The ship is flying a red pennant. It certainly looks as if William were about to take some long voyage: he was 20 years of age when this picture was made. His brother is seated, pen in hand, and has apparently just signed a letter or document which William is to bear with him. William has every aspect of being ready for the journey. His right hand points through the window to the boat even now approaching the shore. The room itself was probably in Richard Bridgman's house.

# HULKS: by W. Collingwood Smith

William Collingwood Smith was born at Greenwich in 1815. J. D. Harding, a member of the "Old Water Colour Society," was his teacher and he became an Associate himself in 1843 and full member in 1849. He has been described as painting "lake and mountain scenery with great technical dexterity and breadth of effect."

The picture is in the possession of the Walker Art Gallery, New Bond Street, by whose permission it is here reproduced for the first time. The two great hulks on the right are moored off what is perhaps a slightly idealized Greenwich. In the days of their prime they were splendid battleships of the two and three-decker types; when the artist drew them they were probably hospital hulks, with outside stairways and strengthening timbers. The story of these old hulks is more fully told on the preceding pages.

# COMUS and his Mo

## Milton's Famous Maske:

THYRSIS: " . . . *I must put off these mystic robes spun out of Iris wooff and take the weeds and likeness of a swain*"

***The Guardian Spirit appears***

THYRSIS:

Before the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth . . .

And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms . . .

⊹

***His two Sons and his Daughter are lost in the Wood***

. . . their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Frets the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer perill,
But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard . . .

⊹

***Comus, the Evil Spirit of the Wood described***

A Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus*
nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown a
Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Woo
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr
Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Travailer,
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glas
To quench the drouth of *Phoeb*
which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond
intemperate thirst)
Soon, as the Potion works, their
human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the
gods, is chang'd
Into som brutish
form of Woolf, or
Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger,
Hog, or bearded
Goat,
All other parts re-
maining as they
were,
And they, so perfect
is their misery,
Not once perceive
their foul dis-
figurement,

⊹ ⊹ ⊹

COMUS: "*But such a sacred and home-felt delight,*
*Such sober certainty of waking bliss*
*I never heard till now . . .*"

# TLEY ROUT

## Illustrated by Charles Buchel

*(After a visit to the presentation of Comus at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre, Season 1934)*

But boast themselves more comely then before . . .

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewles now.

✣

***Comus welcomes his Motley Rout***

COMUS :

The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantick* stream . . .

What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
*Venus* now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail Goddesse of Nocturnal sport
Dark valid *Cotytto*, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of som chast footing neer about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods . . .

When once her eye Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her busines here.

*(Continued on page 48.)*

✣ ✣ ✣

LADY: *"'Twill not restore the truth and honesty*
*That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies"*

ELDER BROTHER: *". . . Ile find him out,*
*And force him to restore his purchase back . . ."*

***In the courtyard of the Swan Inn:*** *Captain Halkin took some pains to conciliate Swartz's good opinion. It was trouble thrown away.*

# The Murder

## A Narrative, based on fact, of Extraordinary the First Quarter of the 18th Century.

❊ ❊ ❊

*The following narrative recounts some extraordinary happenings which took place at an Inn in Knightsbridge in the early part of the 18th century when that district was entirely rural in character. The Inn was surrounded by hedgerows and had pleasant grounds of its own. The story is told in a little volume entitled "Traditions of London, historical and legendary," published in 1859. From the manner in which the tale unfolds itself, it is evident that the author compiled it from the records of the trial of one of the chief actors in this curious drama. The narrative has been specially illustrated for this Christmas issue of "The Sphere."*

◆

Near the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century the landlord of the Swan was one Samuel Whitchurch, which is all the description I can give of him. His wife, Charlotte Whitchurch, was a more strongly marked individual. She is depicted as a fat, fierce virago of a woman, of strong antipathies and strong sympathies; constant in her likings as her dislikings—an idiosyncrasy which found fatal play in the succession of remarkable events of which the Swan, during her landladyship, was the theatre.

At that time the Knightsbridge stage-coach to London started from, and returned to, the Swan, giving, with the numerous mounted travellers that used the house, ample employment to Peter Swartz, ostler, and John Larkin, horse-boy, or stable-helper. Larkin was simply a dull, heavy country lout; but Swartz had peculiarities which it is necessary to describe.

In person he was short, stout, strongly made, bull headed, and bull necked; his face, thickly pock-marked, was bloodless, except the nose which was of an extraordinary size and flame coloured. He was of mixed origin—Dutch father, English mother—and his place of birth was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Clare Market, London. Peter could neither read nor write, but was accounted uncommonly knowing in horseflesh; he drank enormously but, except twice or thrice a month when he swallowed liquor till he became downright mad drunk, he was always in, and capable of, his work. Peter, moreover, was one of the landlady's especial antipathies and would have been turned adrift a hundred times had he not been so great a favourite with the coach people and many others who put up, or baited, at the Swan on account of his skilful management and care of horses.

◆

A few months before this narrative, in strictness, according to its heading, begins, an extraordinary state of things had arisen in connection with Peter Swartz and Susan Haines, principal chambermaid at the Swan. In the midst of the ostler's wildest drink-frenzies, a look from her, or an uplifted finger, would subdue his rage in an instant and, trembling in every limb, he would skulk away like a beaten hound. Only the ostler and chambermaid themselves could understand this; and they refused all explanation—he with savage sullenness and she with a firmness or obstinacy which was proof against a threat of dismissal if she did not vouchsafe *some* enlightening hint upon the subject.

Everybody saw it was not esteem, respect, affection for Susan Haines, nor genial influence of any kind that subjected Peter Swartz's will to hers. He hated her, it was abundantly manifest, with all the virulence of his debased nature; and had more than once been heard to mutter that sooner than live the slave's life he had lately lived much longer he would do something desperate—kill himself, or——. The witnesses who deposed to having heard these muttered expressions all declared that what "or——" referred to was intimated by a look of diabolical ferocity, but never expressed in words, at least not in articulate words. The truth was, and it may as well be stated thus early, that the chambermaid had detected Swartz in the commission of a felony which, in those good old hanging days, would have sent him to Tyburn; and although she had solemnly promised—instant restitution having been made—to conceal his crime he nothing doubted that if openly defied she would proclaim his guilt to the world. Hence his fretful rage, his threats of suicide, his "or——."

The situation of the Swan not only secured a good roadside traveller trade but, from the house being so entirely in the country and, in addition to nicely laid-out grounds of its own, commanding open and extensive views on all sides, induced many persons in delicate health, or who were desirous of quiet retirement, to make a prolonged stay, especially during the summer months. To promote the comfort of this profitable class of customer private, well-furnished apartments at the back of the premises

***In the garden of the Swan Inn:*** *A fierce kick, accompanied by "Curse thee for a meddling, drunken fool!" in Peter's own voice, caused the horrified ostler to loose his hold.*

# at the Swan Inn

## Happenings in Knightsbridge in

*Illustrated by Norman Hepple*

had been provided, the occupants of which, whilst within reach of the various agréments that a well-conducted inn affords, might, if they chose, avoid its vulgar bustle and noise and all contact with its miscellaneous frequenters. Amongst those exceptional patrons was Captain Halkin, a gentleman something over fifty years of age, and a soldier of service, who had fought under Marlborough in Anne's great wars. Invalided in consequence of a severe wound received at the Battle of Malplaquet he had sold out of the Army and, thanks to the zealous solicitation of Colonel Gillespie, who had been an eye-witness of his gallantry before the enemy, he was awarded a pension by the Crown of seventy pounds a year. The produce of the sale of his commission he had lent, by the advice of his lawyer, at 15 per cent. per annum to Messrs. Dodson and Co., the eminent distillers, unmindful or ignorant of that truest of all commercial axioms that large interest is only another name for bad security.

***In a bedroom of the Swan Inn:*** *He pulled the trigger. It merely snapped, and the robber, turning quickly about, revealed the remarkable features of the ostler.*

The income thus derived, added to his pension, not only sufficed for the modest wants of Captain Halkin himself but enabled him to fulfil the dearest wish of his heart—that of giving his son and only child a University education. Captain Halkin had been many years a widower, and his son Kyrle—so named after the captain's deceased sister's husband, who had no children of his own, and was prospering in America—had passed his twenty-first year when Captain Halkin, finding his health benefiting by a short sojourn at the Swan, and being, moreover, pleased with its situation and the landlord's moderate charges, determined to take up his abode there for a permanency.

A model lodger and guest the retired veteran proved to be: quiet, easily satisfied, and finding no fault with either bed or board; neither extravagant nor mean; having a kind word for everybody, and being a punctual paymaster to boot. His son, too, upon whom he seemed to perfectly dote, was a young man of exemplary conduct—modest, reserved, and, it was said, gifted with rare intelligence. He had resided with his father at the Swan about a month only when he left for Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge University, which he entered in April, 1722.

◆

Whilst his son was with him Captain Halkin kept strictly to his private apartments. Soon, however, after Kyrle's departure, the social nature of the man induced him to put his dignity in abeyance for a while, and he was to be found almost every evening taking his jug of ale, or of claret, in the public room, to the huge delight of its frequenters, who never wearied of listening to "the captain's" highly spiced narratives of fearful episodes of the war in which he had himself been personally engaged—narratives that uplifted the very hair of rustic Knightsbridge with sympathetic, fascinating horror. He was, besides, an admirable mimic, and could keep the table in a roar with humorous, but always good-natured, imitations of peculiarities, in voice and manner, of some amongst the assembled company.

An incident occurred in the beginning of the winter 1722-3 which capped his reputation for coolness and daring. The roads about Knightsbridge, as the nights grew long, were infested with foot-pads, three of whom, acting together, soon became the terror of all belated travellers. Late one evening Captain Halkin was returning, merry with wine, from a visit to the house of a recent acquaintance, and as he was passing the end of Bell Lane heard loud, piercing screams in a woman's voice. Like all gentlemen at that period Captain Halkin wore a sword, and instantly hastening, at the top of his speed, in the direction of the woman's cries, quickly found himself, at a sharp turn of the lane, in the presence of three ruffians who had robbed, and were maltreating, a young woman and her father.

◆

One of the fellows instantly discharged his pistol at the newcomer, the bullet of which slightly grazed one of the captain's ears; it was requited by a sword-thrust, which went clean through the foot-pad's right shoulder. The two unwounded ruffians ran off; the other was secured and "peaching" upon his accomplices they were both captured and in due course hanged, so that, thanks to Captain Halkin, the roads about Knightsbridge were safe again o' nights. Thenceforth he was the hero not only of the Swan but of the neighbourhood for miles round and any one that should have dared to wag his tongue in disparagement of the general favourite would have been in imminent danger of the horse-pond, if of nothing worse.

There was one dissentient from the general chorus of wondering admiration, which dissentient was that drunken vagabond Peter Swartz. From the first week, one might say from the first day, of Captain Halkin's domiciliation at the Swan Peter had conceived an inveterate dislike of the new lodger. Whenever that gentleman came in Peter's sight, in crossing the inn yard or whiling away an idle ten minutes in watching the departure of the stage-coach, the ostler's eyes fixed themselves upon him with a sinister, yet stupid, puzzled expression; and, for long afterwards, Peter Swartz would seem to be dubiously debating with himself, whether of the past or the future it was impossible to say—but certainly with reference to Captain Halkin.

Captain Halkin observed the odd behaviour of the man and took some pains to conciliate his good opinion. It was trouble thrown away; Peter Swartz *would* not be gained over. Even a compliment to his reputation as a judge of horses failed to soften his savage surliness.

"I *don't* know a hoss by looking at a hoss," snapped Peter Swartz, in reply to Captain Halkin. "Nobody knows a hoss by looking at, or handlin', a hoss. Oh, ay! I can tell somewhere about the age of a hoss—whether he've a been to prayers or not, or is touched in the wind, and all that—but that ain't knowin' a hoss. Experience of a hoss is the only way of comin' to know what a hoss really is. I've knowed hosses that was fust along as gentle as lambs all at once let out at a fellow with their heels, and fix their cussed teeth in his shoulder like born devils. It's a hundred times harder," added Swartz, with fierce, menacing significance, and as if all he had previously said was but meant as an excuse for, or introduction to, what he was now saying, "It's a hundred times harder still, Captain Halkin, to judge of *men* than it is of hosses. A man may seem to be upright and down-straight, and everything as he should be, and you may summer and winter the fellow half a dozen times over before finding out that he's nothing—but—a—a—damnable——"

Peter's harangue was suddenly cut short. The landlady, looking from a window into the yard, saw by Captain Halkin's face that that drunken

(*Continued on following page.*)

# THE MURDER AT THE SWAN INN

(*Continued from previous page.*)

varlet Swartz was, in some way, annoying him. Out she at once rushed in direful wrath, and Peter fled amain to the shelter of the stables. The Captain affected to treat the man's insolent familiarity with careless contempt; but it was noticed that he never afterwards, by any chance, spoke to Swartz, and sedulously avoided going near him.

The Captain had been an inmate of the Swan something over a year when a letter arrived for him, bearing the city of London post-mark. It was delivered to him in his private room, the bell of which was rung a few minutes afterwards with furious violence. Captain Halkin requested that a saddle-horse should be instantly got ready, his presence being required in London. The horse was scarcely saddled when he strode into the yard, mounted, and rode off at a swift gallop.

◆

It was late in the evening when he returned, seemingly flushed with wine. He said nothing, but Susan Haines noticed that his hand trembled very much as he took the bed-candle from her. A week elapsed before he again left his chamber, and when he did he was a changed man. His face was colourless, his keen grey eyes were subdued, darkened; his figure was shrunken: a dozen years—years of calamity, of grief, seemed to have been added to his age.

"I was summoned to London," he said, in reply to the landlady's look of surprise and distress, "to witness the death of the best friend I ever had."

This was an untruth. The letter which had caused his hurried departure was from his lawyer, and announced the failure of Dodson and Co., the suicide of the principal partner, and that there would be hardly a shilling in the pound for the creditors.

The suddenness and severity of the blow stunned Captain Halkin, and it was some time before he could distinctly measure its terrible consequences to himself and his son. It was soon, however, too plain that he had nothing left but the government pension of seventy pounds a year with which to face an expenditure of thrice that amount. He was in debt, too, at Cambridge; and Kyrle had but a few days previously sent him some bills which it was desirable to pay forthwith. He had not half the sum in his possession; and then, how were Kyrle's future expenses at the University to be met? He must, of course, sell his pension, and that he immediately set himself to accomplish. Even there he was baffled by the prudent foresight of Colonel Gillespie. The royal warrant had been so framed that the pension could *not* legally be sold, alienated, mortgaged, or hypothecated in any manner whatsoever.

*At last the fatal triangle was reached.*

Kyrle must then, it seemed, quit the University—abandon all hope of seeing the time when, with his fine talents worthily cultivated, he could enter, under singularly favourable conditions—thanks to the powerful patronage of Colonel Gillespie and other influential friends—upon a life-career in which he could not fail to win wealth and social eminence. Never! never! never! His father would more willingly follow him to the grave. Captain Halkin was not, moreover, yet at the end of his resources; the Cambridge debts could be discharged by the sale of a few personal trinkets, for which he had no real use. That done, he would have time calmly to scan the future, and avail himself of the most hopeful chance that might present itself of ascertaining the worst consequences of the misfortune that had befallen him. The money was accordingly forwarded to Kyrle, but no intimation reached the young man of the loss sustained by Dodson and Co.'s bankruptcy.

◆

About a week afterwards Captain Halkin having occasion to cross the inn yard after dusk heard his own name more than once mentioned by Swartz who, with John Larkin, was in the stable rubbing down, by the light of a lantern, the smoking horses just taken from the stage-coach. Desirous of ascertaining why Swartz was so repeatedly taking his name in vain the Captain stealthily approached the stable door and heard the ostler again repeat, with drunken iteration, that he was quite sure he had seen Captain Halkin many and many a year before, but where he could nohow call to mind. He should, however, some day, he was certain. It would, he said, no doubt pop into his nob all at once.

The following afternoon Captain Halkin, who had taken a larger quantity of claret than usual, fell asleep in a back apartment on the ground-floor which was permitted to be used by special customers only. No one had been there that afternoon but himself, and he, according to his own reckoning, must have slept seated at, and with his head upon, the table several hours. He did not, at all events, awake till evening had set in and after shaking himself, rubbing his eyes, and realising the situation—it is his own story I am now telling—he took up his purse from which he had taken the money to pay for the magnum of claret he had emptied, or nearly so, and which had been lying on the table while he slept. It seemed very light, he thought, and no wonder, for on examining it he found that six guineas in gold were gone, and a few pieces in silver only left. The discovery confounded him, positive as he was that the guineas were safe in his purse when he fell asleep. The door of the apartment, which was flung open on account of the heat of the weather, opened on a common passage along which not only the indoor domestics but the yard servants frequently passed. What then should be done? How was he to set about the discovery of the thief without warning him or her by premature outcry? After a few minutes' reflection he determined to consult Susan Haines, the chambermaid; he knew her to be trustworthy, and she would give shrewd counsel.

Susan Haines was accordingly summoned, and informed of Captain Halkin's loss. The poor woman was thoroughly scared, and could offer no counsel. Such a thing had never happened at the Swan before, and the disgrace would be indelible.

◆

"And," said Susan, combating with difficulty strong indications of hysteria, "and I—I myself not only passed by the open door but looked in about half an hour ago and did not see you, sir. I declare I did not: and you are certain you had not left the room?"

"Quite certain, Susan; it was already nearly dark, you know, half an hour since, which accounts for your not having observed me, especially as I was sitting at the further end of the table with my head, which could only be visible from the door, resting upon it."

Susan agreed that that accounted for her not having seen him, but she was as far off as ever at so much as guessing who could be the thief.

"Susan," said Captain Halkin, "I have no wish, God knows, to injure the house by making a noise about the robbery, but I am determined to find out who the robber is. Where," he added, with stern abruptness, "where is Peter Swartz, and how has he been occupied this afternoon?"

"He has been occupied in getting tipsy all day, and must be dead drunk by this time."

"I have a strong suspicion, Susan, that he is the thief. Nay, hear me out. It has come back upon my mind," he continued, "like the faint recollection of an indistinct, half-forgotten dream that I saw Peter Swartz enter this room or, more correctly, that I was drowsily conscious of his having entered this room whilst I slept. Do you understand me?"

Susan replied that she did not exactly; but thought the best plan would be to seek out the drunken scamp at once. Captain Halkin requested her to do so, but to make no outcry or disturbance until, at all events, his suspicions were confirmed. Susan agreed, and immediately hurried off in quest of the supposed culprit.

She pretty well knew where to find him: whenever Swartz had got what he called his skinful, and felt it impossible to drink any more, he was in the habit of skulking off to a lumber room, not twenty yards distant from the apartment where Captain Halkin had fallen asleep, to snore off the effects of his potations, undisturbed. There, sure enough, Susan found him extended at length upon the floor, dead asleep. The woman shook, called to him; he was insensible, deaf as wood, and in her impatient anger she kicked him in the side, eliciting thereby the chink of money. The sound, aware as she was of the generally coinless state of the ostler's pockets, goaded her to renewed exertion, and by dint of cuffs, kicks, and various tugs at his hair, she succeeded in awakening him.

"What money is that in your pocket, you drunken villain?" fiercely demanded the chambermaid; in reply to which query Peter put a hand into each pocket and from one drew out six golden guineas!!

With difficulty suppressing a scream which would have brought the

(*Continued on page* 34.)

# THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES

from the painting by
W. P. Frith, R.A.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1873

This picture shows the three daughters of the artist engaged in the elegant sport of archery. They are fashionably dressed in the mode of the early seventies. At this period the full crinoline had passed, its place being filled by a bustle below a tight-fitting bodice. The sash and velvet hat with birds' plumes are indicated with characteristic Frithian exactitude. The picture was sold by Messrs. Agnews for the sum of one thousand guineas and is here reproduced by courtesy of the present owner.

## SERENADE.

"Throw me a rose, Señorita"
  Ran the old lay.
Only a rose, Señorita!
  We live *to-day!*
I sing the tune, Señorita,
  Here at your feet
By light of the moon, Señorita . . .
  Old tunes ring sweet:
But though I chant, Señorita,
  Mere floral bliss,
The rose that I want, Señorita;
  Is the rose of your kiss.



SHADOW

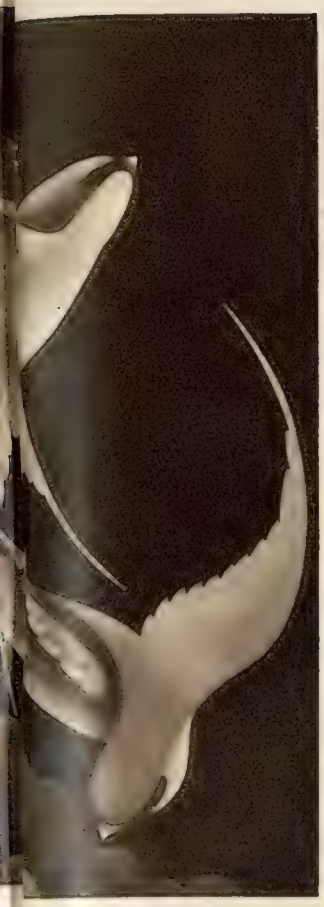
By D. V.

ACRO

THE STEALER

PICTURES

BARRY.



BATICS.

R OF NUTS.

## SEÑORITA

In how many lands, Don Jose,
  In how many climes,
Holding how many hands, Don Jose,
  Have you sung those rhymes?
Sing love or war, Don Jose,
  Sing as you can!
I think you are, Don Jose,
  Señor Don Juan!
Sing gay or grave, Don Jose . . .
  My window I close.
A rose you may have, Don Jose—
  Only a rose!

MAIL COACH IN A DRIFT OF SNOW: The York and Edinburgh mail has run into snow up to the wheel-hubs.

**The original, published in the days of George the Fourth, is by James Pollard, engraved by G. Reeves. Reproduced from a very fine impression of this subject in possession of the Colnaghi Galleries, New Bond Street.**

# Life in the Good Old Days

## Coaching and Hunting in the 18th and early 19th Centuries, Pictured and Described

*THE following account of life on road and field in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is mainly taken from two very fascinating diaries which have recently come to light. The Torrington and Parry narratives are full of intimate detail of the days in which the diarists lived. The Hon. John Byng, afterwards Lord Torrington, recorded his day-to-day experiences in a series of volumes which lay unnoticed for more than a century at Yotes Court, Kent. They were sold at auction for a few pounds to an unknown gentleman and gradually became dispersed Mr. C. Bruyn Andrews, who has recently edited a first volume of extracts, has traced volumes at the Bodleian, Oxford, with a Mr. Dunn, general draper of Blackburn, and other unexpected places. The Parry diaries, also recently discovered, are, as far as is known, in 33 manuscript volumes; most of them are in private hands; a few in the National Libraries of Wales. Both diaries indicate the way in which life in the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth was interwoven with the horse. Its position seemed unshakeable.*

PROMENADE AT CARLISLE HOUSE, a great place of resort in London during the 18th century

**From a very fine impression of the plate in the possession of Messrs. Colnaghi. In a lobby room beyond is indicated the figure of Dr. Johnson.**

THE discovery of the twenty-three volumes of the Tours All Over England of the fifth Lord Torrington is one of the most important literary events of recent times. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, at a period when England was rapidly changing from an agricultural to a manufacturing country, he kept a faithful and intimate record of his wanderings. To travel either by coach or on horseback was, of course, still a necessity, but to Lord Torrington it was a pleasure as well for he delighted in fresh experiences, even uncomfortable ones, and he was a great lover of horses.

His sense of humour never deserted him and in matters of horsemanship he observed every detail. "Mr. O—— told me," he writes, "of his having sat some days before in a Jury to examine Dr. Arnold's lunatic Patients at Leicester, of which number Mr. H—— (son of the famous prison Howard), was one; whom he described as sullen and hopeless. He next told me, our Discourse turning upon this Hunting Country, that once having a Cockney Friend at his House, who affected a passion for Fox Hunting, overnight, he on the morrow, Equipp'd him with a good Horse; and when The Fox was found, saw him near a

AN 18th-CENTURY CONVERSATION PIECE: Samuel Blunt, J.P., of Horsham, with his wife Sarah (née Scawin), by John Zoffany. (1723-1810; R.A. in 1768).

**This delightful canvas is in the possession of Messrs. Knoedler, of Old Bond Street, by whose permission it is here reproduced for the first time in colour. The detail of Samuel Blunt's dress, as well as the roses and lace of the lady's dress, is put in with loving care. Sarah, although a little severe of aspect, evidently had admirable choice in gowns.**

Hedge, restraining his Horse. When O—— called out, "Let him Go, and He will Clear it"; "Let him go," answered The Sportsman, "What do I hold him in for but to prevent it? !"

"Four miles brought me to the town of Leek," he writes in another passage, "(not a Welsh town as some Ignorants might imagine). Putting up at the George, securing a good Parlour and Bed Room, I hurried to the Post Office (very successfully) for Letters; and in the Market Place purchased a long riding Whip, to prevent my haste and trouble in cutting down the Farmers Hedges for switches, a dozen of which I destroyed this Evening. Eating a good Supper, deciphering and answering Mrs. B's and her Sons Letters, fully Employ'd my Hours till Bed Time—My Landlord was the most Ignorant of the Ignorant! This was the finest day I have met with; and the moon shone brightly in the Evening.

◆

*Thursday, 28th June.* As my Expression concerning Switches might lead my Readers into a Belief of my whipping my Horses to death, I wish to have them inform'd that I only strike them, and that tenderly, over their hinder Quarters; (not cutting Eyes, Ears, Shoulders, or flanks;) by which usage aided by a running snaffle and a pistol-Bit, my Horses, instead of pecking against every Stone with a straight Leg, afford me the satisfaction of seeing their Knees at every step they take. Now this—my weak and unfathomable Notion may sound ludicrously in the Ears of modern Horsemanship, for modern management doth ordain that a Martingale should so confine the Horses steps, that he cannot walk 2 mile an hour, or miss striking the smallest Pebble.

Now by way of conversation, not vaunting, I will suppose myself on the descent of an Hill, in company with a long Spur'd Jockey, upon this Martingaled Nag. We would trot it down. Now you perceive the modern equestrian pulling with all his violence, and spurring the Shoulder of a rolling Stead, whilst I, (now don't Laugh) lifting up my arms, calling out "Ha; Ha; Ha;" and applying my switch to the Rump of my Nag; am carried down the Hill, safely and straitly, with neither mine nor my Horse's Shoulders being ground to shivers; from his Quarters being properly and easily, collected under him. This I state as an Answer to such Wits, who not chusing to depart from fashion, or to understand Horsemanship, indulge themselves at my Expence; on the Quantity of my Reins, and the Length of my Whip. "Well, I wou'd not be so Encumber'd with so many Reins, for the World!" Pray, Sir, are you going to Angle? That is a very fine Fishing Rod in your Hand! &c! &c! &c!!"

His experiences of the Manchester Coach are amongst the most amusing. "At 7 o'clock in the Morning I was push'd into the Manchester Coach with three Women: One fat Creature like a Cook; one large, and younger in a Linnen Great Coat; the third, older, in a Blue Great Coat: and then learnt that we were to take up two more females at Islington: tho' the Coach cou'd but just hold four. When we had receiv'd and stow'd our Complement, much trippery discourse arose about London, its delights, and fine Places, such as Bagnigge Wells, &c. Glorious Weather: I skulked at a Corner, and Endured. The Blue Gt. Coat, going to Manchester, was escorted by a Young Man who rode on the Coach Box, and drove: The large Great Coat, the Cook, and the two young Islingtons were going to Derby; these two last had never been far from home. Change Horses at Kitts-Inn; at Redburn; and at Dunstable, where Dinner was prepared for us at 12 o'clock.

Here arose a Schis'm; for the young delights of Islington, with the

THE TOAST: From a sporting print by Henry Alken.

The red wine is flowing merrily, and everybody is toasting everybody else; hunting trophies and hunting scenes adorn the walls; fresh candles are being placed in the sconces. The painting is in the possession of Mr. Frank T. Sabin, of New Bond Street, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

Blue Coat and the Young Man, disdaining dinner, wou'd walk forward; leaving the two large ladies, with an outside woman, to feast on a coarse, boiled Leg of Mutton, and a large Neck of Veal Roasted; which I did allso, and orderd, *at mine own charge*, a Pint of Red Wine to Entertain the Ladies.—My Company now remarked, with much Asperity, on the strange Behaviour of the Others; and Miss H—, the bouncing Gt Coat, in her Anger, declared them to be *Significant* and *illiterate* Creatures.—After my dinner of two Ounces, I walked on, and had almost joined the advanced Party, when the Coach overtook us: Being repacked, there began a Sparring Match; for Miss H—, on seeing the Poor, stop, Man, at Dunstable Hill, declared, 'That when she came to Town, the *then-genteel* Passengers collected for him 2 shillings; but *then* they were not a *Stingy*, mean Party'! This roused the Spirit of an Islington Miss, who sharply answerd, 'That *some* Folks might *flash away* without being able to afford it.' Here luckily, the Contest dropped; and we Sulk'd along, in much Heat, and Inconvenience; As for myself, being bodkin'd and surrounded by high, and wide Flat Caps, I cou'd neither Stir, nor breathe, nor see out of the Windows; but was as much conceald by, my Guards, as could be The Grand-Signor by his Janizaries Turbans.

A SQUIRE OF THE ANCIENT DAYS.

An equestrian portrait of Mr. Daniel Haigh after Abraham Cooper, R.A., in the possession of Mr. Sabin.

◆

"Pass Woburn: Drag thro' the Sands; Change Horses near Newport; and after a tedious Crawl, reach Northampton at 8 o'clock.—Northamptonshire is a dreary, stoney County, devoid of features; and if there are Seats in it which appear to some Advantage, from a Contrast, they can only suit a Fox Hunter.—Here were Quartered the Nthn. Regiment, whose Drums rattled the Retreat with unusual Clamour: Surely these Noises must be a sad, and dangerous Nuisance.—Whilst a Change of Coaches was preparing, the older ladies revelld in Tea, and the Islingtons sipp'd Coffee, who were reproved by me for being all new dress'd; 'Your old, worst Cloaths, (I told them) were fittest for travelling.' Resuming the Coach, the Tea (which caused *strong* Perspirations) set the Ladies tongues a-wagging, and developed their Characters; for now the younger four (The Cook and I taking no Part) began an elaborate Discourse about Fashions, Feathers, Robes. Bodies, French Back, &c &c, and then Miss H—, proclaim'd herself a Mantuamaker, told them for whom, and at what prices she worked,

(meaning to serve the Miss Islingtons;) and brag'd of her getting Silver'd Muslins; and that she had Equipp'd, last year, the Sheriff's Lady going to a *Consort* at Leicester: The Old-Blue also spake so scientifically that I should think they were of the same Business, and that they had been up to Town to see, and study Fashions; and to View (as they said) 'The *Quality* going into the Birthday, and who were dressed so *fancically*.'

"Never was heard a greater flow of English Language more barbarously treated!—Night soon overshading us, The fat Cook took from her Pocket a Pint Bottle of Nantz, which I, and the Old Blue, likewise, held to our mouths; whilst the refined Party, complaining of Head-achs, wou'd only be cheer'd by Salts. It was Eleven o'clock when we reachd Harboro'; There chang'd Horses; and at ½ past one we Enterd Leicester: My legs are cramped double, and my Hips sore.

"To please Ladies, of the above description, in conversation, I cannot, for they require a second-hand Servants-Hall Ribaldry, or an affected Refinement. Miss H—spake of Ladies being lighted, who had been with Child; and she brag'd of the Derby Market, an abundant of meat, and *what not*, and likewise of Garden Stuff; at which the Islingtons were much surprised; She also said that the Quantity of Pots sold was astonishing; to which I remark'd 'That was a very necessary article.'

A Cold Supper was prepared at the Bell Alehouse; but my intentions being, if possible, for quiet, comfort, and a good Supper, at the 3 Cranes, to that Inn I went; but in vain did I bawl, and thunder at the Gate, as no one wou'd, or cou'd hear me; So in despair I returned to my *agreeable* Friends, and to the Coach Supper; and then, by the softest Language, prevaild upon the Landlady to give me a Bed, which was a miserable Press, at a Corner of a large, smoaking Club Room, wherein I tossd about till the Morning, with the impatience of a School-Boy, for the 1st day of his Holidays."

READY FOR THE COACH: A travelling dress of 1811, from a contemporary fashion plate.

IN WALKING DRESS: Two ladies of 1807 prepared to take the air. **From a colour print in the possession of "The Sphere."**

All through the Diary we have a gentle philosophic outlook that often finds expression in some delightful little poems. Perhaps one of the most

THROUGH THE NIGHT: From a painting by C. Cooper Henderson.

**Coachman and front passenger are both heavily wrapped against the cold of the night. This unusual aspect of coaching is in the possession of Messrs. Vicars, Old Bond Street, by whose permission it is here reproduced.**

BOWLING ALONG ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD IN 1839.
From the painting by W. J. Shayer.

The scene is on the Brighton road, two years after the accession of Queen Victoria, as yet unmarried. The coach is carrying a fairly full load of passengers. Only one bonneted figure is indicated as occupying the inside; another woman passenger, also wearing the shovel bonnet, is riding outside. The driver and all the four gentlemen passengers wear tall hats. To occupy the much-coveted box seat beside the driver one had to be a person of distinction or of much adroitness. The mail coaches were at their zenith in point of speed and equipment just before the coming of the railways, but to the end they appear to have been subject to the breaking of axles and of overturning. This picture is one of a pair on view at the Ackermann Galleries, New Bond Street, owners of the pictures, by whose courtesy the above example is here reproduced for the first time in colour.

AN 18th-CENTURY FIGURE
by Thomas Gainsborough.

**This charming early portrait by Gainsborough shows us Mr. Barry, an 18th-century sportsman in hunting cap, with whip and hound.**

charming is that in which he compares Life as a whole to one of the many Tours which to him were its chief joy:—

"Life is a journey of a Winter's day,
Where many breakfast and then post away;
Some few stay dinner and depart full fed;
Fewer that sup, and then retire to Bed."

C. B. A.

## TRAVELLING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE Manuscript Diaries of John Orlando Parry, the famous Entertainer, are amongst the most amusing literary discoveries of recent years. The earliest volume was written in 1828 when he was only 18 years old, and he was helping his father, both professionally and in many other ways, and it is full of fresh and intimate descriptions of travel by Coach in pre-Victorian days.

It opens on September 2nd, 1828, when they are setting out from London. "My dearest Father and I left London for a Journey to Liverpool, Denbigh, &c &c, a Grand Eisteddodd being held at the latter place—a full account of which will be found in the following Journal.

*Sept.* 2 (*Tuesday*). We left LONDON by the "Crown Prince" for Birmingham but we had great difficulty in securing two front places—There was an immense deal of luggage, enough almost to tip us over: Cornelius Durham met us at the Office ("The Belle Sauvage") The Coach was to leave London (so they said on Saturday) at ½ past six but they had to call at various places to take up passengers—so that it was near a quarter past seven—before we started in earnest.

◆

It was a most lovely morning—but very cold—till almost 1 o'clock—so cold that when we got to *Redburn* to breakfast we were dumbed, but however I managed to eat most a *whole Fowl:* It was a very good Breakfast indeed—We proceeded on our way—we had a very funny old fellow for a coachman for almost 10 miles, he sung us several songs—He had not got a Coat to his back! But he merely drove us those 10 miles because the other coachman stoped here instead of going his proper distance. St. Albans has a very pretty effect at distance:—it stands on a hill—and its Cathedral is seen a great way off—It was very singular but we did not see one Partridge all the way. After passing several interesting objects and a most beautiful country we arrived at *Southam* where they dined but not one soul eat a mouthful—but *we* attacked our Fowl which we enjoyed very much.—But now comes some doleful—! About 15 miles from Southam we heard the country people around (were-ever we stopped) asking the Coachman if he was better and hoping he did not receive any injury, and how was the Guard" &c, &c &c! At last it turned out that the "Crown Prince" of Monday was upset and some people bruised and hurt but the Guard more particularly & the cause of the accident was the axel-tree breaking while they were going down a steep hill and the Guard—having just got off to lock the wheel—he was standing on the steps and the coach fell upon him—both side wheels came off—the axel-tree broken and, the body of the coach scratch'd very much, they were unable to proceed: about 5 or 6 miles farther we saw the coach lying in the road—with some country people trying to job it up!

◆

It was a very bad accident and on hearing this we began to be alarmed for the safety of the coach—until the coachman told us "that it was the best Coach on the road!!" We proceeded on our way—at length we came to *Leamington* were they drink the waters; it is a most beautiful Town—really some extremely good houses of the London fashion. We passed the Theatre—Mr. Yates was "at home" there. 2 miles farther in Warwick, a very fine town with a stupendous Castle on the banks of the river—which has a most majestic appearance—From Leamington to Warwick all was alive with carts, carriages, waggons, flys, vans, Horses, Gigs, Chaises &c &c coming from the *Races.* That was the first day—they were very well attended indeed—some very good running—here (at Warwick) we learnt that the "Tally-Ho" of Birmingham had been upset! owing to the incautiousness of the driver; about ½ past 8 we began to see the smoke from the Manufactorys at Birmingham—which we were very glad of, for it was getting very cold indeed—and soon after, we rattled through the town—at a famous rate—the Guard had a Key-ed Bugle which he played very well—We arrived at the "Albion Hotel" were all was bustle and confusion getting luggage &c. The landlady was a *very* small woman—measuring 9 or 10 feet around the Body! We were

HELL FOR LEATHER: From the painting by F. C. Turner (1824).

**This spirited picture is in the possession of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann, of New Bond Street, by whose permission it is here reproduced.**

# LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS:

*Continued from preceding pages.*

shown into the coffee room—and while Tea was getting ready we took a bit of a strool out of doors—Miss Love was here playing—and this was her benefit Night—but we did not go because it was too late.

◆

—We had a very nice cup of tea—with Eggs, Dried Toast, &c &c. After setting a bit, father wrote to my dear Mother just a few words to say that we had arrived safe. At 11—we returned to our Bedroom—up in the top of the house No, 36, a double Bedded room: Father did not sleep very well—nor did I— So this Ended day No 1.

*Sept. 3rd.* (Wednesday) We got up at seven—in time to take a little walk before breakfast — We once more mounted the Aurora for *Liverpool* which we left at ½ 8.

◆

There was a little mistake about the places so I got upon the Box—it was very full with luggage and passengers—But the Coachman was a very careless fellow—and we had a very narrow escape! for in going over a Bridge — which was extremely arched, he did not observe some cattle coming up at the same time the other side—and he could not stop his horses & they went down on the other side of the Bridge very fast all amongst the Cattle! The Coach was in a Ditch and the two Leaders were under the other Horses!! and all this was close by a very deep Canal! it was a mercy we were not all killed upon this Spot—The Trace broke—the bit gave way—and above all the Reins broke!—one of the Horses was very restive continually plunging and kicking—but however they tied up the Harness pretty well—

AT THE HEDGE: A hunting incident by David Dalby of York.

**David Dalby's work is finished like a miniature. This example is in the possession of Messrs. Ackermann, by whose permission it is here reproduced.**

RICHARD WILLIAM PENN, 1st EARL HOWE: From the portrait study by John Ferneley of Thrussington.

**The famous naval commander is seen mounted on his charger. The picture is in the possession of Messrs. Knoedler, Old Bond Street, by whose courtesy it is here reproduced.**

# LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS :

*Continued from preceding pages.*

and we got some way or other out of the Ditch—We were all very glad when we changed Horses. The Coachman was continually running against the Hedges. At a small Town called *Stone* we changed Coachmen. This man drove very steadily all the way. We passed along a most beautiful road to *Warrington*—were we merely changed Horses and at almost ½ 8 we arrived at the Blue Bell safe and sound at *Liverpool*—from thence we hired a Fly and journeyed on to Mrs. Gibbon—St. Ann Street—were we met with a most hearty welcome. Mr. Haughton was in waiting—as also was a cup of tea ! Mrs. Gibbon looked remarkably well—as did Mr. Haughton—After washing the dust away—and chatting a bit—there was a nice hot supper—Veal Cutlets—and Mash Potatoes—which we enjoyed exceedingly—at 11 o'clock we retired to rest—to two most excellent Beds—were I slept sound enough—But Father heard something moving and making a noise all night long which disturbed his repose ! Not knowing what it was. In the morning we found on enquiry that it was *The Smoke Jack !* Thus ended day No 2 ! ! "

A few days later he is still at Liverpool.

" *Sept. 8th.* Monday. The Chester Coach was in waiting to convey us to Chester—We mounted the coach but owing to some misunderstanding we were obliged to get down again for the Coach was crammed full ! ! " Here was a pretty go ! " So we were obliged to take a car to carry us on !—We had some fun on the road—We got to Chester about 11 o'clock after a very pleasant but *dear* ride—for if we had gone by Coach it would have been 5/- but by this Car it came to 14/- ! ! "

On the same day he journeys on again.

" At 4 o'clock we left Chester for Rusthin (20 miles) in a *3* wheeled car and we went at a very careful rate—a couple of Welsh Horses took us the 20 miles in good stile cantering all the way."

On Sept. 24th he is on his return journey.

" *Sept. 24th. Thursday.* CAERNARVON. Father wanted the man to put us down at the Hotel " The Uxbridge Arms," but he said he could not so he took us to the Goat Inn and in our way there one of the horses kicked and plunged at sich a rate ! ! This was owing to some of the harness breaking and tickling him behind. We were obliged to stop—till the harness could be mended. So Father went back to Uxbridge Arms Hotel and I went with the Coach when it was ready—to the Goat Inn and waited there with the luggage till Father came."

After a short walking Tour on Monday, September 28th, he writes :—

" We sheltered at *Capel Curig* till we heard the coach coming from Holyhead. There were 3 Gentlemen besides ourselves waiting—After seeing our luggage—safely lodged—we asked the Coachman if he could let us go inside—he said he could—there was only one passenger there at present—and he would soon turn him out. When he opened the door we saw the *Passenger*, it was *the Guard* as drunk as a Pig ! The fogo when the Coach door was opened was dreadful—I never saw a more beastly, filthy looking wretch. A Pretty *Guard* to a Coach ! "

Two days later he is at Shrewsbury.

" *Sept.* 30. (Talbot Inn). At ½ past 10 The Coach drove in the Yard and we mounted the front places—We had not been seated long before we heard a voice from behind crying " Gentlemen—I say Gentlemen "—So we turned round and saw an old Irish Woman scrambling over the luggage to speak to us—" Gentlemen " (said she) " I have taken them seats all the way to London ! So please to let us set there." Father said he had booked the front places all the way from Bangor and therefore he would not give them up ! So the poor old woman was in such a fluster when she found she could not get the front seats. As the Coachman said " First come, first served." We now bid adieu to Shrewsbury. The Coachman was an uncommon nice man indeed—so very obliging in pointing out anything worthy of notice on the Road ! He has driven that Coach for 32 years ! !

On the same day he is leaving Birmingham.

" *Sept. 30th.* We went by a London Coach to Stratford-on-Avon were we slept—the Coachman drove us at an enormous rate—We changed horses 3 times in our journey—and every now and then we heard the Landlord of some of the little Inns—all shops &c—saying to the Coach[m] " I say, Jim, won't you have a drop of nothing." After a comfortable cup of tea, Boiled Beef and Dried Toast at *The George* we retired to rest in a nice double-bedded room and thus ended day No 28.

At Stratford he inserts the following amusing notice

> THE IMMORTAL SHAKESPERE
> was born here
> Anno Domi. 1564
> N.B. Horse and Cart to let !

And there is the following entry :—

" *Wednesday. Oct. 1st.* (*Stratford*) After a tolerable breakfast the Coach came and we were once more rolled off.

On October 1st he is home again in London.

" About 8 o'clock we arrived in *Piccadilly* safe and sound and we found it standing as we had left it.—Then taking a Hack we jogged on to the old Place, No. 8, Richmond Buildings, Dean Street."

B. A. and J. A. O-E.

FETCHING OUT THE HORSES : A Coaching Scene by C. Cooper Henderson.

**The approach of the fast mail is observed ; the change of horses is got ready as the bell clangs out the approach of the " mail." A White Hart appears on the sign board, but exactly where this particular Inn was, or is, we are unable to say. The painting is in the possession of Messrs. Vicars of Old Bond St.**

DOWN IN THE STABLE YARD.

**From a coloured print in the possession of " The Sphere."**

THE WOODLAND PATH.

Exhibited by Mrs. F Lehner at the Royal Photographic Society's Show, 1934.

SNOW FALLS ON THE FOREST ROAD.

A Camera Study in Essex.

# XMAS CAMERA STUDIES

*

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*On right:* "I tell you a wet Christmas can be pretty rotten."

*In armchair:* "I couldn't move if it were fine."

"Well, whatever happens, I must get ready for the party."

* *

*

"Who was the Marquis of Carabas?" a camera study

"Pollo," the Gaumont-British Film Star. He can do the most wonderful things with cards, pulling them out of the pack as shown here. Which is the cleverer? The dog is almost human, but the parrot is evidently a most wily old bird.

*Illustrated by Edward Osmond*

# DAY-OLD CHICKS

By HUBERT S. BANNER

(Author of *Hell's Harvest, Wanted on Voyage*, etc., etc.)

"OH, *do* look at darling Stephanie and her day-old chicks! Quite an incubator-full of them to-night, hasn't she?"

Mrs. Bristow's high-pitched voice cut through the buzz of talk on the club lawn with a shrillness that even abashed the cicadae into momentary silence, and caused every human head to turn with mingled amusement and vexation. The Dutch folk sipping their drinks at the little tables dotted about on the grass caught one another's eyes and smiled meaningly. The petty schemings and jealousies of the tiny British community in their midst never ceased to intrigue and divert them. . . .

Stephanie Lloyd was the newly-married wife of a hard-working engineer just back in Java from home-leave. And all Chandi, the little hill-settlement above Samarang, was eaten up with curiosity to see how the beautiful young girl, fresh from London's gay fair of vanities, would shake down to the life with taciturn, work-engrossed, Frank Lloyd.

The women had predicted Stephanie would be in London again within six months. The elder men had chewed their moustaches and fingers and devoured her fairy beauty from a safe distance. As for the young bachelors, they had tumbled precipitately and openly in love, and didn't care who knew it, or what jealous old cats like Mrs. Bristow called them.

As coolly as though unaware of that circle of curious eyes in the darkness beyond the club verandah, Stephanie made her royal progress to the centre of the marble dancing floor and stood there fanning herself, surrounded by the little court of her dinner guests. All the usual crowd were there: Lanky Margitrage, tubby little Frank Barrinay, young Lane—"Mincing" Lane, as he was called for his ladylike mannerisms—and Dickie Hyde.

For, of course, Dickie was there. Indeed, so much a matter of course had Dickie become that his absence would undoubtedly have evoked considerable comment. And he *looked* so much a matter of course that a stranger joining the group, in ignorance that Stephanie's husbzand was at home, working into the small hours, would probably have addressed Dickie as Lloyd. He and Stephanie seemed so obviously each the complement of the other. Stephanie's proud, pale little flower of a face was such a natural foil to Dickie's square brown one. Her graceful girlish figure and delicate limbs were so well set off, as it were, by his great athletic shoulders and deep chest. Wherever they went nobody could help the thought that Nature had undeniably intended those two for each other, though only people like Mrs. Bristow put it into words.

No wonder Mrs. Bristow was jealous! Java plays the deuce and all with Englishwomen if they stay out too long, and Mrs. Bristow had long ceased to charm. She was now come to the stage when, try how hard she might, she could not sweeten the acidity of her voice or hide the bitterness in her sunken eyes.

Stephanie heard the malicious observation, of course, but she gave not so much as an eyebrow's indication. "To know all is to forgive all," and maybe she knew that, if she stayed in Java, some day her eyes too would be glowering out of a face like a wrinkled white paper mask. . . . She just went on glancing quietly around her at the various tables while her own was being arranged, as though quite unconscious that the perfection of her Paris gown was making every woman's mouth water, and that in the heart of one at least her youth and fresh daintiness were venomed darts.

"Might I have the honour and pleasure of the next dance, dear lady?" begged Mincing Lane with his most ingratiating smirk.

"Not the next; that will be Dickie's. The one after that, if you like," was Stephanie's reply.

It was always like that. The rest of the pack of youngsters who perpetually dogged her footsteps might fume as they would. But always Dickie Hyde, it was gently but firmly made plain to them, stood in a place set apart; just that much apart, in fact.

Mrs. Bristow missed nothing of it. She saw Lane ask for the dance, saw Stephanie refuse it and turn naturally to Dickie. She took a fierce gulp at her whisky-soda and lit a cigarette with trembling fingers, her husband grinning at her sardonically.

## II.

Stephanie, gliding in Dickie's arms through a sobbing waltz beneath lowered lights, in that enchantment which only two perfect dancers can achieve, turned troubled eyes up to him.

"Did you hear what that Bristow female said when we came in, Dickie?"

"Oh, come! Surely you're not letting that worry you?" he smiled back, with a tiny pressure on the cool fingers lying in his. "Somehow I can't imagine *your* bothering over Java back-bitings. 'Tisn't your form, you know. And anyway, it's the biggest compliment she could have paid you."

"It isn't that, though," Stephanie went on after a moment's silence. "I'm not above having a quiet laugh in secret myself on occasion when I think of my brood of 'day-old chicks' and their awful earnestness. They're only silly little boys, remember, though they *are* rather darlings. . . . No, Dickie, it isn't that."

"What, then?"

"Well, it's hard to explain, but I'm beginning to worry—to wonder just a little wee bit whether you are included in the day-old chick category."

"Good Heavens! And do you suppose I shall lose five minutes' sleep if I am?" demanded Dickie, with true masculine obtuseness. "I'm rather proud of being one of Mrs. Lloyd's sitting——Sorry. That wasn't very well put, was it? However! I mean to say, it doesn't worry *me* what they say about me. They're just jealous of you, like the ill-favoured swine in What's-his-name's dream."

"Kine, surely," Stephanie corrected laughingly. "And in any case I don't think your recollections of the Old Testament seem to be very exact."

"Scripture isn't my strong line," he admitted. "But I wanted to find a striking thingummy-bob, don't you know."

"Parallel?"

"That's the word. Thanks! Oh, dash, the music's stopped."

"Shall we go into the garden and get a breath of fresh air?" Stephanie suggested as they descended the marble steps.

"Can do," said Dickie, nodding and producing his cigarette-case. "Have a gasper?"

He stopped to strike a match, and his eyes momentarily met Mrs. Bristow's fixed upon him with an expression of gloating malignity.

"That Bristow party gives me the creeps," he told Stephanie as they drew

(*Continued on page* 40)

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH!

So I'm bringing—

DEWAR'S

The Famous "White Label"

# THE MURDER AT THE SWAN INN

(*Continued from page* 16.)

whole establishment to the spot Susan, directly she could get sufficient breath, showered a torrent of incoherent abuse upon the astounded ostler, winding up with the pleasant assurance that he would certainly take a ride to Tyburn before the year was out, Peter listening thereto in dumb bewilderment, and gazing the while upon the six guineas in his hand.

At last he found words to request Susan to calmly explain the meaning of it all, in language that he could understand. The chambermaid who, from the naturalness of Peter's manifestation of astonishment, had begun to believe that he must have taken the money during the delirious stage of drunkenness, and had forgotten all about it, explained the matter calmly and fully, the effect of which explanation was to convince Peter himself that the thing must have occurred as she suggested, and the more certainly that he himself had a dim recollection of having gone into the room and seen the Captain asleep, with his head resting upon the table.

Yes; but what was to be done? Judges and juries would never believe that he did not know what he was about when he filched six guineas from a gentleman's purse, leaving a few comparatively valueless pieces of silver therein. He would be hanged for a certainty. The frightful peril he had incurred sobered poor Swartz completely, and he begged for mercy in the most piteous terms. Susan, as I have before said, really believed that he did not know what he was doing when he stole the money, and upon his solemnly swearing upon a Bible, which she fetched for the purpose, that he was innocent in intention, and would reform his wicked life, she promised to intercede for him with Captain Halkin and, moreover, to keep the affair a profound secret.

◆

"It is well," said Captain Halkin, after attentively listening to the chambermaid's story, and receiving back his six guineas; "and I ratify the promise of secrecy you have made for me. Only let Swartz distinctly understand that that promise shall only stand between him and Tyburn gallows so long as he shall deserve mercy at my hands."

The relative positions of Captain Halkin and Peter Swartz towards each other, and the petty but observant community amidst which they dwelt, have now been sufficiently defined to enable us to see that the Captain was not only held in high favour as an amiable social companion but esteemed as an undoubted gentleman of high character and ample means: whilst Peter Swartz was in a fair way of being unanimously adjudged to be an utterly worthless, drunken scoundrel.

And with each succeeding day Swartz sank lower and lower in general estimation. The toad-under-harrow kind of life to which he had been subjected since he had unaccountably made free with Captain Halkin's purse goaded him to desperation, and he finally consummated the ruin of his character by breaking into the cellar of the inn at dead of night and madly drinking till he brought on a violent attack of delirium tremens; a disease then called and treated as ordinary inflammation of the brain.

The loquacious insanity common to that terrible malady vented itself in outbursts of cursing rage, directed chiefly against Captain Halkin and Susan Haines, alternated with fierce avowals of a determination to be hanged, if he *must* be hanged, for a robbery worth committing, not for two or three paltry guineas.

Such ravings naturally gave rise to grave comment, and the general conclusion arrived at was that Peter Swartz was a person to whom theft, if not more serious crime, had become familiar; and the landlord of the Swan was urged not to keep such a fellow in his house. Peter accordingly received, as soon as he had recovered from the attack of delirium tremens, notice to leave at the end of a month. Swartz thereupon made application for employment at the neighbouring Old Fox Inn; but his character for honesty having become tainted it was at once and peremptorily refused, and the only prospect before the unfortunate ostler was that of being turned penniless and homeless into the streets in mid-winter. We cannot wonder, therefore, that his fevered-cankered mind grew familiar with desperate thoughts, which from time to time found sullen vent in threats and curses, at hearing which men shook their heads and predicted that such an evil life would have a shameful end.

The man's craving for drink continued insatiable; and before the month's warning had expired he could hardly have been a responsible being, although his routine day duties seem to have been gone through with as usual. Especially in the stillness and darkness of night he was subject, or for some reason affected to be subject, to the strangest illusions, one of which was that he had a double—a second self—which when himself was lying asleep in the stable-loft walked abroad. He could not be disabused of this fancy. One morning he solemnly assured Larking, the stable-helper, that he had been awakened at about midnight, when the wind was unusually high, by the yard-gate banging violently to, and that, on looking out of the lattice-loft, he distinctly saw himself, dressed as usual, getting over the garden-wall in the direction of the fields. Larkin laughed, and persisted that he must have been dreaming. Susan Haines, to whom the stable-helper repeated what Swartz had been saying, was of the same opinion till about an hour afterwards when a smith of the name of Kerr, whose dwelling was not far from the Swan, came into the yard, and in her hearing asked Swartz why on earth he had been wandering about the fields in the dead of night? The ostler muttered some unintelligible reply, and walked quickly away to another part of the yard. To the question put to him by the astonished chambermaid Kerr replied that he could not be mistaken as to having seen Swartz pass his window between twelve and one that night; he, Kerr, had been sitting up with a sick child, and had just before extinguished the candle preparatory to getting into bed when Swartz passed swiftly by, some twenty yards distant, but distinctly visible in the moonlight. He wore, added Kerr, the same bright red waistcoat he has now on, the same oddly-shaped hat; and then, who has such an unmistakable nose as Peter Swartz?

Susan agreed the nose was unmistakable, and concluded in her own mind that either Swartz walked in his drunken sleep or that he prowled at such hours about the premises with some evil design.

The morning was only about two hours older when the latter conjecture seemed to receive confirmation.

Mr. Meredith, an elderly Welsh gentleman, whose chamber adjoined that of Captain Halkin, having been unusually wakeful for him the previous night, declared that he had distinctly heard stealthy steps crossing the Captain's room, and that presently an effort was made to open the small casement in the partition between the two rooms, by which a borrowed light was admitted to his, Mr. Meredith's, chamber. The Welsh gentleman loudly demanded who was there, the only answer to which was the prompt reclosing of the casement and the hurried but still stealthy retreat of whoever it was that had partially opened it.

Captain Halkin did not sleep at the Swan that night, business of importance having detained him in London; and when, upon the landlord's examining his room, the door was found to be locked, the lock untampered with and the casement carefully closed as usual: that not a sign, in short, of any one's having entered the chamber could be discovered, it was concluded by all that Mr. Meredith himself must have merely dreamed of the nocturnal visitant, a decision strengthened by two weighty considerations—one, that he had gone to bed very jolly; the other, that, upon his own showing, he must have dropped asleep immediately after the occurrence which had so much alarmed him, and slept soundly till somewhat late in the morning. It could hardly be believed that such an incident, had it really taken place, would have had so little effect upon the nerves of an elderly gentleman who was known, from his own conversation, to have a large sum of money with him, that he not only forbore to raise any outcry but subsided into sound, tranquil slumber immediately afterwards! This reasoning did not, however, satisfy Mr. Meredith, though he admitted its plausibility; and he mentally resolved that as he must sleep one more night in the house he would not only be wakeful but well armed.

In the afternoon Captain Halkin came from London to fetch papers, but remained a few hours only, his business in the city necessitating his immediate return thither. He listened attentively to Mr. Meredith's story, and expressed his full concurrence in the opinion that he had been dreaming. The chambermaid afterwards seized an opportunity of privately telling the Captain what she had heard, seen and surmised of Peter Swartz's night wanderings. Captain Halkin looked grave and thoughtful after receiving Susan's communication; but after some minutes' reflection he advised her to keep her suspicions confined for the present to her own breast. They *might*, perhaps, wrong Peter Swartz who, he was half inclined to believe, was, after all, rather an imbecile, crazed with drink, than radically vicious. He would, moreover, himself warn Mr. Meredith to be on his guard during the coming night; and the next he himself should be the occupant of the apartment through which anyone seeking his must pass.

His horse was saddled and at the door when Captain Halkin bethought him that he had promised to speak to Mr. Meredith before he left for London. He found that that gentleman had already retired to his chamber, in which a fire had been lit, the weather being chilly, and Mr. Meredith not feeling quite as well as usual. They talked of the real or imaginary occurrence of the previous night, and the captain perceiving that the Welsh gentleman was really, as darkness drew on, suffering from nervous apprehension, offered the loan of his pistols for the night. Mr. Meredith thanked him, but he had already borrowed a pair from the landlord, which he was just about to load—an operation in which the Captain assisted him. They then drank a few glasses of wine together, and Captain Halkin, having taken friendliest leave, set off on his return to London.

Mr. Meredith's spirits were woefully depressed, and drinking freely did not raise them. The wine, he thought, had an odd taste, but that could only be fancy, or perhaps his palate was somewhat deranged. By and by he found that he should have some difficulty in keeping himself so widely awake as he had intended. Vainly he essayed to shake off the drowsiness fast creeping over him by stirring the fire and walking briskly about the room. It would not do, and presently he fell, dressed as he was, across the bed, fast locked in sleep.

Leaving him for a while to that last slumber, let us seek out Peter Swartz, and mark the progress of the story, which the Recorder of the Old Bailey told the unfortunate wretch, a few months afterwards, was a tissue of the stupidest, most barefaced lies that ever passed a convicted felon and murderer's lips. The following is that story in action.

I have before intimated that, in consequence of his continued addiction to drink, Peter Swartz had never got rid of the delusions incident to delirium tremens. Being quite aware that such was the case, he might have succeeded in persuading himself that the second self, which had appeared to him, was nothing more than the coinage of a distempered brain, but for Kerr's astounding declaration that *he* had observed him crossing the fields at about the same time that he, Swartz, had seen the apparition climbing over the back garden wall. Exerting an almost superhuman resolution, the haunted ostler, on the following night, refrained from drinking to excess, and kept strict watch with the firm determination to question and, if possible, to grapple, and bind the supposed "double," should it make its appearance within questioning or grappling distance.

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The night was bright and dark by turns, the full moon being now hidden by dark, dense clouds which swept across the face of the sky, now reappearing in unveiled splendour.

Midnight had passed, and the folks of Knightsbridge were slumbering in the small hours of the morning when Swartz, who was watching from a stable window, saw the shadow of a man passing swiftly along the face of the whitewashed wall of an outbuilding in the direction of the back entrance to the inn. At that moment the moon was, as it were, blotted out of the heavens by a black, opaque cloud, and the substance reflected by the shadow Swartz could not discern in the thick darkness, earnestly as he strove to do so. The ostler was no craven, so, tightly grasping a stout cudgel he had taken care to provide himself with, he stole quietly forward towards the spot where the gliding shadow had disappeared from the whitened wall.

*"I need not attempt to depict the storm of rage which such an announcement excited in my breast."*

Surely he must have been mistaken! Nothing was to be heard; and when the moon presently shone forth again nothing having life was to be seen. The door leading into the house was closed, and complete stillness reigned around, with the exception of the occasional rattling of ill-fitted windows, as gusty blasts of wind beat fitfully against them.

Yet was Swartz positive that it was a man's shadow he had seen, and gathering courage from impunity he peered into every nook and hole thereabout that might have afforded a hiding-place. The search proved fruitless, and Swartz was beginning to half believe that his eyes must have played him false when a cry—a human cry—sharp, brief, stifled, as of one suddenly smitten by mortal agony, terminated as instantly by death. The cry came from within the house, and Swartz listened with suspended breath for its repetition, in order to assure himself that his ears had not fooled him as his eyes

(*Continued on page* 36.)

Santa Claus
makes it a
Christmas de Luxe
for Everyone —
with
Mackintosh's
Mackintosh's
Christmas Carnival
Assortment
Mackintosh's
Toffee
Dessert
Mackintosh's
Toffee
Dessert
Mackintosh's
Carnival
JOHN
MACKINTOSH
& SONS LTD
TOFFEE TOWN
HALIFAX
ENGLAND

# THE MURDER AT THE SWAN INN

(*Continued from page* 34.)

seemed to have done. It was not again heard, and Peter, after lingering for some time about the spot, was slowly returning to the stable when his ear caught the sound of the back door of the inn being cautiously, gently, opened from within. The ostler sprang back into a concealing recess formed by the outbuildings, and thence fixed his straining gaze upon the opening portal.

There was no mistake this time. From out of the opened doorway suddenly emerged poor Swartz's double, in unmistakable reality—the queer hat, the red waistcoat, the patched breeches and loose knee-strings were those of Peter Swartz; the face, too, though shadowed by the broad flapping hat—except the huge unshadowable nose—was his own. The moon just then palely shining through a but partially-obscuring cloud enabled Swartz to see himself, as in a dust-dulled mirror, with dim distinctness, so to speak, and a cold, quaking horror seized the ostler, causing the hairs of his head to stand erect and his knees to smite each other.

Recovering in some degree from the panic terror excited by a phenomenon so inexplicable and portentous, and whilst the apparition was carefully closing the door behind him and re-locking it, Swartz observed that the figure wore a short cloak which he was sure had not been reflected by the shadow on the lime-washed wall, and something bulky seemed to be concealed beneath the cloak. The sharp cry of mortal agony heard a few minutes previously recurred to his mind at the same moment, and soon screwing his courage to the sticking point Swartz sprang forward, cudgel in hand, resolved to solve the hideous mystery at any hazard to soul and body.

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The "double" recognised that he was seen and pursued by a start of surprise and an instantly accelerated pace, soon exchanged for a run in the same direction that Swartz had seen him take the previous night. He did not turn his head, nor make any reply to the ostler's challenge, and Swartz, wonderfully emboldened by the hurried flight of the spectre, if spectre he were, followed swiftly and grappled him by the leg as he was scaling the garden wall. A fierce kick with the free leg, accompanied by, "Curse thee for a meddling, drunken fool!" in *Peter Swartz's own voice*, caused the again horrified ostler to loose his hold so suddenly that the fugitive toppled over and fell heavily on the other side, letting fall from under his cloak as he did so several bags which, from the sound they gave forth upon striking the ground, seemed to be filled with coin. Reassured, in spite of hearing himself cursed in his own voice, by such evidences of a merely bodily foe, mortal prowess and vulgar robbery, Swartz, in his turn, scaled the not very lofty wall, tumbled down beside of and grappled the apparition as it groped about for the money bags. This could not be suffered, and the sharp stroke of a dagger or other pointed steel weapon, followed by a curse as before, but not this time in Swartz's voice, decided the struggle. The ostler fainted from pain and loss of blood, and when he recovered consciousness—how long afterwards Peter had no means of judging—he was lying on the ground, his clothes deeply stained with blood from the wound he had received, and by him, glittering in the by that time constant moonlight were many gold coins, which the bursting of one of the canvas bags had scattered upon the ground

A man of sound, unshattered brain would have at once proceeded to rouse the sleepers at the Swan Inn, informed them of all that had occurred, and appealed to the evidence of the gold coins and the severe wound he had received in proof of the truth of his story. Peter Swartz not being, unfortunately, a man of sound, unshattered brain, did nothing of the kind, and with difficulty managed instead, after collecting all he could readily find of the scattered coins, to drag himself over the wall and regain his stable sleeping-place, with the intention, he afterwards declared, of first hiding the gold he had got possession of, and then rousing the servants at the Swan. Unhappily, the liquor which he had with so much difficulty refrained from there offered itself to his thirsty, burning lips, and after drinking himself into a state of frenzy he returned in that condition to where the money bags had burst, found more gold pieces, and then, what with the loss of blood and the stupefying effect of the fresh air upon the large quantity of liquor he had swallowed, fell into a state of semi-insensibility, retaining barely enough strength to crawl towards a partially cut haystack, cover himself with loose hay against the bitter cold, and fall dead asleep with the burst bag and the coins he had at last scrambled up in his bloody clutch.

It appears from Susan, the chambermaid's, sworn deposition that she slept but little that night, her mind being disturbed by vague fears for the safety of the Welsh lodger, Mr. Meredith, and that towards, as she supposed, two o'clock in the morning she heard, or fancied she heard, several doors stealthily opened and closed; as, however, the wind blew in fierce gusts along the passages she, after a while, persuaded herself that she must have been mistaken as to the cause of the sounds she heard, and again dozed off into troubled dreamy sleep. Awaking again, just as the cold rays of the wintry morning were stealing through the chamber lattice, the chambermaid immediately rose, and still haunted by a dread presentiment hurried downstairs, then into the stable yard, and enquired for Peter Swartz. No one had seen him since the previous evening, and the chambermaid requested John Larkin to go with her to Mr. Meredith's room.

Larkin consented; they went upstairs together, entered the room, and in a few minutes cries of fear and horror resounded through the house, arousing the startled sleepers to a knowledge of the dreadful discovery that Mr. Meredith had been foully murdered during the night, and his portmanteau, boxes, etc., as well as those of Captain Halkin, broken open and pillaged of whatever valuables they had contained.

As soon as the landlord, landlady and others had in some degree rallied their scared senses the body of Mr. Meredith was uplifted from the floor where it lay, literally in a pool of blood, and placed on the bed. It was seen that the unfortunate gentleman had not undressed himself; and a cursory examination of the body revealed two wounds in the breast, inflicted by some sharp instrument—a knife or dagger. A pointed knife belonging to the inn, which Mr. Meredith had used at supper, the blade of which was covered with blood, was found on the floor, and one of the loaded pistols lay on the bed. The trigger had been pulled, without effect, probably from its having flashed in the pan. A leathern portmanteau had been forced open, and the wearing apparel it had contained was lying scattered about. Captain Halkin's valise had been similarly forced and plundered.

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Conjecture was busy with these details when a surgeon arrived, who presently announced that Mr. Meredith still lived, though grievously wounded and insensible from loss of blood. The chamber was thereupon cleared of the crowd of lookers-on, and the proper remedies having been applied the sufferer was restored to life and consciousness, though for a brief time only. The loss of blood had been so great that, although no vital part had been directly wounded, it was only with the help of powerful stimulants seconding the efforts of a determined, vindictive will, strong even in death, that he survived to disclose the manner of his murder and the name of the murderer, to a magistrate, hastily summoned to receive his dying deposition.

That deposition was in substance nearly as follows:—

Overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, for which he could not account, he, Arthur Meredith, had fallen asleep upon the bed with his clothes on, and must have slept five or six hours, when he slowly, and at first confusedly, awoke to find that a man was in his chamber, and busy with his portmanteau. The moon was shining into the room, but the robber's back being towards him, he did not see his face. Although suddenly aroused from profound slumber by so fearful an occurrence, Mr. Meredith had never, he declared, felt, after the first shock of the surprise was past, more perfectly calm and self-possessed. The loaded pistols were on a table near the bed, and quietly stretching forth his hand he grasped one, cocked it, levelled and pulled the trigger. It merely snapped, and the robber, turning quickly about, startled by the sound, revealed the remarkable features of the ostler, Peter Swartz!

The sight thus obtained of the man's face was distinct, though but momentary as the moon seemed to suddenly go out, and the kneeling ruffian instantly springing up closed with his victim in a death grapple. Mr. Meredith's hand, feeling for the second pistol, hit upon the knife he had used at supper; he seized it, and must, he was sure, have inflicted at least one wound upon the assassin before his own arm was seized with mastering force and he felt himself stabbed in quick succession. Consciousness then left him, and he remembered nothing more till recalled by the surgeon's skill to brief and feeble life. In reply to a question put by the magistrate he said his portmanteau contained about two hundred gold Jacobuses.

After completing his deposition Mr. Meredith sank rapidly, and ere another hour had elapsed he was a corpse.

The instant the name of the robber and murderer had been pronounced by the dying man search was made for Peter Swartz. He was not in his usual sleeping place, but the bedclothes and floor were dabbled with blood, and further search discovered a considerable number of gold Jacobuses, cunningly concealed, most of which were stained in like manner, as if they had been grasped by bloody fingers. A trace of blood, moreover, flowing, as *we* know, from the wound Swartz had received, led over the garden wall and to the spot where burrowed the unhappy wretch, fast bound in drunken slumber. He still slept heavily, and when pulled from under the hay responded only to the kicks and curses by which he was assailed by clutching the gold in his hands with a fiercer grasp, and muttering indistinctly of having stabbed or been stabbed by somebody.

To awaken the murderer, as they said, to a sense of his position, and to restore him the use of his legs—more truly to in some measure gratify their own rage—his captors dragged Swartz to the yard, and pumped upon him till the surgeon interfered and rescued him from brute unreasoning violence.

As there could be no doubt of his guilt Swartz, after brief questioning by the magistrate who had taken Mr. Meredith's deposition, to which he answered only by the dumb show of a bewildered drunken stare from his bloodshot eyes, was pinioned and despatched in a cart to London. A few hours afterwards he was safely lodged in Newgate, his mute bewilderment and astonished stare continuing to be the only indication that he at all recognised what was going on, or in the slightest degree comprehended why the cart in which he rode was followed to the gate of the jail by the hootings and curses of an infuriated rabble. It was supposed that his faculties, such as they were, were still under the influence of the benumbing stupor of drunkenness.

A knife was picked up near the spot where Swartz was found, the blade of which had been recently ground to a fine sharp point. It belonged to the Swan and to the same set as did that which had been found in Mr. Meredith's chamber. The blade and haft were clotted with blood, and no one could doubt that it was the weapon by which the murder had been perpetrated.

Still, the most active persevering search failed to discover where the missing Jacobuses—some hundred and fifty in number—had been secreted. The tracing of blood proved, or seemed to prove, that Peter Swartz could not have crawled further than the lair wherein he was discovered, and the disappearance of so large a quantity of gold puzzled everybody till Mrs. Whitchurch, the landlady, whom only the faintest-hinted possibility in favour of Swartz greatly irritated, suggested a solution of the difficulty, which was at once unanimously accepted as the true one.

Peter Swartz, she said, must have had an accomplice waiting without to assist in carrying off the booty, and he, taking a natural advantage of the murderer's condition, had helped himself to the lion's share! It was further assumed, as a patent fact, that, finding himself disabled by the wound inflicted by the murdered gentleman from effecting his escape, Swartz had sought temporary refuge from terror and despair in the oblivion of drunkenness.

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The evidence, and especially Mr. Meredith's declaration, made in *articulo mortis*, seemed to so thoroughly establish Peter Swartz's guilt that he was fully committed for trial at the close of the first and last examination at Bow Street, the "stupid rubbish" (I quote the examining magistrate's expression)—"The stupid rubbish" which he upon that occasion found strength and words to offer in defence about a "double" or "second self" that he had pursued and been wounded by—exciting only a storm of derisive execration from the auditory in the police court.

So fatally, indeed, had his drink-shaken mind lost whatever tenacity it might once have possessed, that he himself almost yielded to the belief that the occurrences on the night of the murder, which have been previously narrated, must have been a continuous, coherent delusion, arising from delirium tremens.

"But supposing," he would suddenly ask the jail chaplain, who from the first day of Peter's arrival in Newgate had been zealous in persuading him not to die with a lie in his mouth, "But supposing I did walk in and murder Mr. Meredith in my sleep, where did I get the false keys with which I opened and reclosed the doors at the back entrance to the Swan?"

"Where, obdurate wretch!" sternly retorted the reverend man. "Where, obdurate wretch, you obtained the knife you carefully sharpened. You cannot," he added, "save your neck from the gallows, but you will assuredly condemn your soul to the pains of eternal death by persistence in a lie."

With this exhortative denunciation, occasionally varied in terms, the conferences between poor Peter and his spiritual adviser usually terminated.

Captain Halkin returned to the Swan on the fourth day subsequent to the murder. He looked unusually pale, and listened to the fuller details of the crime, as they gushed in an unbroken stream from the landlady's lips, with a painful interest. His own loss was a trifle, some nine or ten guineas only, but he was grievously distressed to be compelled to believe that the madness engendered by excessive indulgence in drink should have pushed poor Peter Swartz to the commission of a crime so fearful. The unfortunate wretch should in any case have the support of counsel on his trial, he himself would bear the cost of that.

Chorus of exclamations thereupon, eulogistic of the captain's unequalled benevolence and generosity, but at the same time deprecatory of the exercise of those fine qualities on behalf of such a consummate villain as Swartz—a fellow, too, who Susan, the chambermaid, had at last admitted had previously robbed the captain of six guineas.

Nevertheless, Captain Halkin persisted in his determination that the unfortunate and, he feared, guilty man, should have the assistance of counsel. He, himself, moreover, would visit Swartz in company with an attorney and ascertain if top or tail could be made of the strange story told by the prisoner at the police office.

There was another person anxious to discover if "top or tail" could be made of that strange story. Sharman, a Bow Street runner of that day, had not listened to it with the scoffing incredulity manifested by everybody else present. He had, besides, been struck by a sort of dubious opinion timidly hazarded by Swartz, and only heard by himself, that the voice of the "double" the second time it cursed him, and when he received the stab, sounded like that of a gentleman lodger at the Swan—a Captain Halkin.

After Peter Swartz's committal to Newgate Sharman, having maturely pondered all the circumstances of the case, determined, though he was not professionally concerned in the affair, to pay the Swan and Captain Halkin a visit. He did so, and, having finished his inquiries, asked to speak with the landlord. Being, as was customary, referred to the landlord's better half, Sharman held a serious conference with that lady.

(*Continued on page* 38.)

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS
THEY CAN'T BE BEATEN
NEITHER CAN Player's
ANY MORE Player's Please?
10 FOR 6d
GOOD VALUE FOR MONEY, SIR
ANOTHER PACKET OF Player's Please
WHERE Y'LIKE AND WHERE Y' FANCY – YOU PAYS Y' MONEY AND TAKES Y'CHOICE
YES – SO ARE Player's
MINES Player's
GIGANTIC
TWENTY FOR A SHILLIN'
SIXPENCE PLEASE
SO DO Player's
COME ON 'ARRY, LETS 'AVE A BOBS WORTH
NO – I'D RATHER HAVE TWENTY Player's
ONLY THOSE RIGHT OVER COUNTS
WHAT ABOUT THE TOBACCO MISS?
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
A.A. WHITE.
N.C.C. 247.

# THE MURDER AT THE SWAN INN

(*Continued from page* 36.)

Referring to the fruitless search after the missing coins, and declining to accept Mrs. Whitchurch's conjecture as a satisfactory explanation thereof, he observed that the murdered gentleman had mentioned the late visit paid him by Captain Halkin; that they had drunk together, and that his visitor had loaded the pistols, or assisted to do so. Now one of the pistols had snapped, and the other was found to have no priming in the pan. The powder certainly *might* have fallen out, and it *might* not have been put in. Then, as to the unaccountable drowsiness which had suddenly seized upon Mr. Meredith and the strange taste of the wine he was drinking, was not observed till Captain Halkin was with him. All these were circumstances that ought to be rigorously sifted.

The landlady was indignant that such calumnies should be hinted to the prejudice of so honourable a man, so true a gentleman, as Captain Halkin. The officer had best inquire the captain's character of any one that knew him, and he would find his injurious surmises treated with the contempt and ridicule they deserved. Sharman admitted that Captain Halkin bore a very high character in the neighbourhood; he had before satisfied himself on that point. For all that, he was extremely desirous of testing the wine that had been left in the bottle Mr. Meredith was drinking from on the evening previous to the murder, and which, he understood, had, by the coroner's advice, been preserved.

Finding the runner obstinate, unpersuadable, the landlady bounced out of the bar-room to fetch the said wine. Some abominable quibble, it seemed to her, was being concocted to throw doubt upon that miscreant Swartz's guilt, and at the same time to asperse the fair, unspotted fame of Captain Halkin! How could she know what the London runner might put into the wine after taking it away? They were queer customers, those runners, folks said, who ought to know. Captain Halkin might have powerful enemies, of whom the officer was the agent or catspaw. Be that as it may, Mrs. Whitchurch would not aid him to save that villain Swartz from the gallows, and malign Captain Halkin. She would see his coffin walk first; and not having been born yesterday, in a wood, was neither to be scared by an owl nor an officer.

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Thus reasoning, and thus resolved, Mrs. Whitchurch opened the cupboard where the three-parts emptied bottle of wine had been deposited and snatched it up; but so cold and slippery were her fingers, that it instantly dropped through them, and was smashed to atoms on the stone floor. Mrs. Whitchurch called a servant to mop up the mess, and, having seen that done, she sailed back to Sharman and informed him of the accident. The officer, who was very wrath, forthwith left the Swan in high dudgeon, after threatening Mrs. Whitchurch that he would compel her to answer before a magistrate for her conduct. Nothing came of his threat. Further inquiries were, indeed, instituted, but Mr. Meredith's dying declaration that Peter Swartz was the murderer was so explicit and positive, and the other proved circumstances made assurance so doubly sure, that he could not have been mistaken—it was not thought advisable to throw a colour of doubt, by giving countenance to really unwarrantable suspicion, upon a question which did not admit of two opinions. "The strong testimony borne by every one that knew him to the high character of Captain Halkin, who had himself, moreover, been robbed by the murderer, and had forgiven him," concluded the report, "is alone a sufficient refutation of the laboured inferences drawn by Sharman from very slight and shadowy premises."

The private inquiry set on foot at the instance of Sharman having thus evaporated in a cloud of smoke, it was fixed that Swartz's trial should take place at the ensuing Old Bailey Sessions, then close at hand. I should here state that Captain Halkin does not seem to be aware that he had been wholly exonerated from suspicion by the before-quoted report, forasmuch as after circumstances sufficiently proved he all along believed himself to be under the sleepless surveillance of the criminal authorities—though that surveillance was intangible, exercised by persons who took care to conceal from him their vocation and actual purpose.

Captain Halkin confronted the occult espionage to which he fancied himself exposed with the bold air of a man conscious of innocence, and indignant that that innocence should be for a moment called in question. More than that, the wrong done to himself should not, he resolved, prevent his doing right, if right could be done, to Peter Swartz. Constant, therefore, to the intention he had from the first announced he engaged the services of an active attorney, and with him, by magisterial permission, visited Swartz in Newgate.

*Ready for the coach: A lady in travelling dress of* 1824—*see coaching notes from The Torrington Diaries on pages* 20 *et seq.*

In the cracked brain of the prisoner two ideas, or rather germs of ideas, were gaining strength and development. One, that it was certainly Captain Halkin's voice which cursed and Captain Halkin's arm which stabbed him on the night of the murder. The other, originally suggested, perhaps, by Sharman, that it was Captain Halkin's unspotted character that prevented people from suspecting him, and that could he, Peter Swartz, only recall to mind where and under what circumstances he, many years ago, had seen the captain, and who the captain really was, he would, the half-crazed prisoner believed, speedily change places with himself.

This being the state of the poor fellow's mind, his behaviour during the visit to the jail of the lawyer and Captain Halkin will be understood. To the attorney's questions he answered not a word, except when angrily pressed, and then only by an indifferent, inapplicable "Yes" or "No." His attention was wholly concentrated upon Captain Halkin who, the attorney observed, seemed much annoyed and agitated by the man's eager scrutiny; as, whilst mechanically rubbing his forehead with one hand, and fixing his eyes unswervingly upon the captain's face, the prisoner, himself perplexed in the extreme, murmured to himself, "I cannot call it, or him, to mind, cannot—though God help me if I could—it might save me—but no—I cannot—cannot for my life."

◆

The interview was a brief one; Captain Halkin and the lawyer both agreeing that nothing could be done for such a besotted, idiotic brute. The attorney added that it would be simply throwing away good money to give counsel even a "watching" brief in such a case. Captain Halkin would, however, keep his word in that respect, and counsel was retained.

The trial lasted but about a quarter of an hour and, of course, a verdict of "Guilty" was returned. The prisoner himself paid very little attention to what was going on; its result had long been to him a foregone conclusion, unless he could recall to mind, and his memory seemed to have utterly given way, who Captain Halkin was, and especially his former crime; for he felt certain that it was in connection with some fearful crime he had seen or known him. Now, Captain Halkin happened to be seated, wedged in amongst the crowd, directly in front of the dock, in full view of the prisoner who, during the examination of the witnesses, as at the interview in Newgate, continued to mechanically rub his forehead and, with glaring eyes riveted upon the captain's face, to mutter over and over again with parched bloodless lips, "I cannot remember—shall not I fear, God help me, till too late," and so on.

The sonorous mockery of asking what he had to say why sentence of death should not pass against him according to law startled him, nevertheless, into a shuddering appreciation of the actual circumstances, and he stammered forth, more incoherently than on the previous occasion, the story of the "double," etc., etc.

He was allowed to say it out, and then the recorder, after characterising it in the words I have already quoted, pronounced formal sentence of death; the tone of his address indicating a strong doubt that he was morally justified in condemning an atrocious criminal to so comparatively merciful a punishment as hanging, who, if strict justice were done, would be burnt to ashes at the stake.

The Privy Council, upon the recorder's report, confirmed the judgment to die, by the hanging of Peter Swartz by the neck till he was dead; and an immense crowd assembled on the appointed day to witness the execution. It was no ovation offered by the flaunting felony of London, as in the cases of Jack Sheppard and Sixteen-Stringed Jack—two scoundrels who had taken high degrees in crime—that greeted poor Swartz as the cart which conveyed him to Tyburn creaked slowly along to the place of doom. A hurricane of filthy execrations assailed him the whole way, and it was as much as the escort could do to prevent the mob from carrying out the law's mandate of death with their own hands.

Peter Swartz remained perfectly impassive in the presence of the raging tumult. No emotion excited thereby flushed or shadowed his spectral face, as he stood calmly upright in the cart; and the speculation of his eyes, Sharman, who accompanied him, noticed, was purely introspective, as if he was still searching his memory for the lost name of Captain Halkin.

At last the fatal triangle was reached, the cart placed under the drop, the noose adjusted, and in a few minutes all would be over. The glaring glance of Peter Swartz searched the crowd in all directions; suddenly it became fixed, and Sharman saw that it rested upon Captain Halkin who, impelled by a morbid restlessness of mind, or some deeper-seated fascination, had placed himself where he could have a clear view of the execution. A gleam, a flash of light, suddenly kindled the eyes of Peter Swartz—the fact, of which he had so often questioned memory, was revealed at that terrible moment. "Stop, stop," screamed the wretched man, feeling, as he must have done, that the cart was beginning to move—"Stop, for God's sake! yonder—the man yonder is James Gordon, James Gordon, who murdered—"

The cart passed from underneath, and the palpitating voice was choked by death.

The execution had been hurried, and its ghastly horror increased by the carelessness or stupidity of the driver of the cart—a new hand at the business—who struck the horse before the doomed man had given the signal, or the hangman-in-chief had drawn the concealing cap over his face.

Albeit the convict's frenzied words rose shrilly above the brutal roar of the populace, Sharman seems to have been the only person who clearly heard them, and to his mind they conveyed no distinct intimation. True, that, following Swartz's eager glance, his eye rested upon the pallid face of Captain Halkin, and he felt no doubt that he was "the man yonder" whom Swartz too late recognised to be James Gordon. Yes, but who was James Gordon? The name dwelt not in the officer's professional memory; he would, however, make inquiry of his brother officials and meanwhile keep Gordon, alias Halkin, under strict and secret surveillance.

That inquiry suggested that Captain Halkin might be one Gordon who, very many years before, had committed a daring murder, under peculiarly revolting circumstances, at Hockley-in-the-Hole, a suspicion strengthened by the fact that Peter Swartz who, as already mentioned, was born and abided, during boyhood in the vicinity of Clare Market, was known to have frequented Hockley-in-the-Hole in company with the market butcher-boys, who systematically trained dogs to fight, in that classic locality, with those of their professional brethren of Newgate Market.

◆

No judicial proof worth a button in support of the officer's suspicion could, however, be obtained. The murder at Hockley-in-the-Hole had been so suddenly accomplished, and the escape of the murderer—whose name was only known from an exclamation of one of his victims—so immediate and untraceable, that no one could be found who so much as pretended to remember the features of a man that had been seen for one brief terrible moment, nearly a quarter of a century since.

The endeavour to establish the identity of Captain Halkin with James Gordon was consequently abandoned, or more correctly, perhaps, adjourned. Circumstances had, however, come incidentally to the knowledge of the authorities which induced them to watch the motions of the captain with redoubled vigilance.

Still nothing seemed likely to come of it. Halkin was evidently upon his guard; he never left the Swan except during the day for a short walk; and but that his gay, good-humour had given place to a sort of sullen despondency there was nothing in his doings or demeanour to sustain the suspicions to which he was exposed. Letters from his son—unscrupulously opened and resealed, by authority, before delivery—fully accounted for that deep despondency. The burden of them all was money, money, money—or leave to forthwith quit the University, the last supply having proved inadequate to the young man's requirements. That "last supply," it was seen by an item of University news, incidentally alluded to, must have been forwarded about a week after Meredith's murder; a time when it was now known to justice that Captain Halkin had no money or, at least, no considerable sum of money at his disposal.

The state of affairs thus disclosed, though hazily, might have suggested to duller-brained men than Sharman and his confrères some such an expedient for getting at the truth as that which they finally, with help of Mr. Menzies, the friendly and zealous sheriff, resorted to.

An old, grizzled, but still hale and vigorous brother campaigner chanced one day to fall in with Captain Halkin as he was taking his daily walk. The rencontre fell out thus wise. Captain Halkin came suddenly upon a man sitting upon a hedge-bank, in a retired part of the neighbourhood, who, at seeing him, started like a guilty thing and, springing to his feet, seized a kind of haversack lying beside him, and made as if to flee. A second glance at the newcomer seemed to, in some degree, reassure him, and he stammered out an inquiry as to whether he was on the right road to Staines. He had to repeat the question, Captain Halkin regarding him the while with keenest scrutiny.

"Tom Fuller, as I am a living man!"

(*Continued on page* 46.)

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# DAY-OLD CHICKS

(*Continued from page 32*).

out of earshot. "Every time she looks at me I imagine she's brooding up a spell to change me into a pussy-cat or something. If she does I hope you'll remember that sardines are my favourite fish."

For a few moments the two stood silent, breathing up the sweet scents drawn by the night from soil and shrub. When Stephanie spoke at last there was no trace of banter left in her voice. There was more of worry there; worry, too, in the furrow between her brows and at the back of the steadfast hazel eyes.

"Dickie," she began, and hesitated.

"Well?" he prompted. He, too, was grave and serious now.

"Just now," she went on, picking her words, "I don't think you quite grasped what I meant."

"Just now. Oh, about my being a 'day-old chick,' you mean?"

"Yes."

"But I told you I don't care a hoot, so why worry?"

Stephanie answered patiently, but with a faint hint of exasperation, as though explaining to a backward child.

"Exactly, Dickie. I was afraid you didn't understand. Oh, can't you see I am only afraid they may *not* be including you—may be setting you in a category by yourself?"

For a moment Dickie stared stupidly down at her, his square, honest face a study in perplexity. Then gradually comprehension dawned through bewilderment, and a crimson flush spread slowly up to his hair-roots.

"I say," he stammered, "forgive me. I'm a selfish swine. I—I never thought ..... But look here, you don't—you can't mean that any one has actually dared——God, Stephanie! If ever I heard any one even *hint*——"

He broke off, choking. And if faces are an index it would have gone hard indeed with any one rash enough to calumniate Stephanie in his hearing.

"Yes, I'm sure you would stick up for me, Dickie," she said softly, watching covertly his grim face. "But people *are* talking—that way. Things come round to one—little hints. . . ."

"I'll—I'll kill them," he growled savagely.

"If you had the chance," supplemented Stephanie. "But poisoners work in secret, as a rule. . . . No, Dickie. I'm afraid all you can do is to see a little less of me—to keep away for a bit; not altogether, you know," she added hastily; "that would make them talk all the more."

"Pretty mouldy prospect, all the same," Dickie mumbled, staring hard out into the night. "Quite sure you're not letting imagination run away with you?"

"Quite sure," she told him quietly. "It's no use dodging facts, Dickie. I'm sorry. I shall hate it too, for your friendship has meant a lot to me—more, perhaps, than you know, even. But that sort of thing has got to be nipped in the bud."

"What about our ride to-morrow, then?" he asked, a little sulkily. "Is *that* off?"

"Of course not. Don't be childish, Dickie. I said 'not altogether,' didn't I? I meant that we mustn't be seen everywhere together so invariably. You must play golf with other women occasionally, for instance. You might try Mrs. Bristow for a start."

Dickie said uncomplimentary things of Mrs. Bristow.

"I quite agree," said Stephanie, "but isn't it a military axiom that attack is often the best defence? I'll play with Mr. Van Meertaart. He's a bigger old woman still."

Dickie expatiated luridly upon the ancestry, habits, physiognomy, and qualifications in general of Mr. Van Meertaart.

"That would be punishing yourself out of all proportion." he concluded, "like those blighters who walk on red-hot coals in Thibet, or Thanet, or wherever it is. Hang it all, I mean, you haven't done anything to deserve it."

"Oh, I've rather asked for trouble, Dickie, come to think of it. To-night, for instance, I never should have refused poor Mr. Lane that dance and given it to you."

"You gave Mincing Lane this one, anyway—and here he is, coming to claim it. Just look at him, tying himself into knots of politeness! When I look at him I really do begin to understand what the Americans mean by a 'lounge-lizard!'"

Outwardly smiling, but with a heart that smouldered and a toe that itched, he watched Stephanie ascend to the dancing-floor on the arm of his smirking rival. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he whistled an unmelodious stave and wandered to the bar in search of consolation.

III.

Ensconced in that haven of refuge he found, among others, his friend Drawquhaber, the English chaplain. A philosophical soul, this Drawquhaber, and a merry one, ministering to the spiritual requirements of the little British community—a community scattered here and there throughout the island and made up of all denominations.

"Enter fairy, left, registering unconcern," observed the rubicund priest as Dickie joined him.

"Dissolute cleric discovered was sailing," Dickie retorted. "Hope you're not forgetting the Plimsoll regulations, Padre."

"This is my first whisky-soda to-night!" exclaimed the other indignantly. He had but two known grievances against life. One was that people would insist on attempting to pronounce his peculiar name otherwise than as it was spelt—doubtless on the analogy of "Marjoribanks," "Cholmondely," and "Colquhoun"; the other, that they so obtusely would assume that the sombre habiliments of his outer man presupposed an absence of ordinary human appetites on the part of his inner.

"It's the dickens and all, being a padre in this jolly country," he went on. "Left Batavia a week ago, and been working my way down here through the tea estates in the Preanger. Service in the club here to-morrow, and off on Monday to see Mrs. Elkingtwist at Koedoes. Baptism of one Anglican baby in Sourabaya on Tuesday, and two Unitarians of riper years near Malang on Wednesday. And, after all that, if I say 'yes, please,' when I'm offered a whisky-soda, up go the eyebrows! It's an 'ard life, Dickie."

Dickie sighed heavily.

"You're right there," he agreed.

Perhaps the padre observed, and by some subtle instinct understood, the note of real feeling in Dickie's voice, ordinarily so carefree and flippant. Maybe he saw some involuntary alteration of expression in his friend's eyes during those recurrent moments when a distant vision of Stephanie fox-trotting in Mincing Lane's embrace passed within their range. For this padre, as befitted his cloth, was a man of refined perceptions.

He lit his charred old pipe with rather overdone deliberation, and puffed forth dense clouds of smoke for some moments before he spoke again.

"Dickie, my lad," he said at length, "you are being confoundedly indiscreet."

And the eyes he raised to Dickie's held no banter now.

Another long silence followed, each waiting for the other to break it, each knowing the current of the other's thoughts, as only true friends may.

"I'm putting a period to the—the indiscretion, you'll be glad to know," Dickie announced at last, draining his tumbler and setting it down on the marble slab with a bang that drew an anxious look from the old native bar-boy.

"Yes, I'm glad to know that," said Drawquhaber tranquilly. "I have had occasion once to-night, and at this very bar—where I am only tolerated on sufferance—to rebuke the forked tongue of slander. Perhaps I shouldn't have done. Perhaps I should have pretended not to hear, or—being a parson—not to understand. But—well, you see, the slander happened to concern two of my best pals."

For the second time that night Dickie flushed crimson.

"Who was it?" he asked in a hard voice. "Aren't you going to tell me?"

For the padre was collecting his hat and walking-stick.

"The answer is in the negative," was Drawquhaber's calm reply as he departed in his leisurely fashion.

But the desired information was speedily forthcoming, none the less.

Dickie, because the music had stopped, and for the yet more cogent reason that Mincing Lane had joined the little group at the bar, was on the point of finishing his drink and returning to the table on the lawn when he paused with glass suddenly arrested half-way to his lips.

(*Continued on page* 44.)

*Over the frozen lake*
*A maze of patterns weave,*
*Then home as the frozen stars come out*
*To the laughter of Christmas Eve.*

*Down the bank of snow*
*By flying toboggans worn,*
*Then home when cheeks are tingling cold*
*To dinner on Christmas Morn.*

*Near to the leaping fire*
*That flicks the shadows away,*
*Making the glad heart laugh with wine*
*To round off Christmas Day.*

CHRISTMAS JOYS: *Verses by A. William Ellis. Illustrations by Brenda.*

# A PICTORIAL COMPETITION: for Old & Young

*Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows the surrounding meadowland of an English farm, but the farm buildings and the big elms have to be added to complete the picture. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the scene which, when placed in position, will cover most of the distant view. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions of this pictorial competition. The First Prize, £5; the Second Prize, £3, and the Third Prize £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 346, Strand, W.C., not later than January 11, 1935. The decision of the Editor in every case is final.*

# THE PICTURE PARTY

(*Continued from page 7*)

Drummer Boy," replied the Duchess, "whatever should we do without you? You are the Band, you know!" "Oh, how lovely!" laughed the Drummer Boy, "all the Band in my Drum!"—and he stood to attention, saluted the Duchess and marched proudly away drumming hard and singing loudly, "I'm going to a party!" to a jolly marching tune.

### *The Party Itself.*

There never was such a party. There they all were, laughing and dancing about, those "Old Master" picture children out of the long ago. How they enjoyed it! How they danced, laughed, shouted and sang! And oh, such laughing there was ringing through the gardens, and the sound got caught in the trees and mingled in the breeze and the visitor people who were wandering early in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace stopped and listened and smiled, and said to one another, "What was that?" and as they turned quickly one visitor child who was a little lame and could not go as fast as the others, *thought* he saw a dear little girl peeping out from behind a tree, and he called to his big sister to come back and look. But she was in a hurry. She was studying "botany" and had a book, and simply couldn't come back, so the little lame boy waited for such a long time to watch for the little girl from behind the tree.

### *The Supper.*

The supper was a great success. No one wanted a "sit-down" supper, they were all tired with "sitting," so they ran about and had supper standing up; and when the supper was over they had more games.

### *Good-bye!*

And then they heard the Duchess calling, "Children, darling children, time is over!" And at once all the "Old Master" picture children caught hands and danced towards her, each kneeling on one knee, as they kissed her hand and thanked her for the lovely party. Then off they went, dancing with light and airy feet, which sounded fainter and fainter, like the delicate rustling of leaves, and the music of their voices melted away on the air like the sighing of a summer breeze.

### *The End of It.*

And when they reached the Galleries the "Old Master" picture children slipped into their places in the frames as if by magic, and settled themselves silently into their proper places, and no one would ever have guessed they had ever been out of their frames, not even the porters nor attendants, though one of them was overheard to say at the close of that day: "I'm not much of a man of imagination myself and I shan't mention it to anyone else, but I do wish you'd come and have a good look at the *Age of Innocence* with me. I *thought* I saw her head move this morning, and I'm sure *I heard her laugh!*"

### *Quite the Conclusion.*

And if any real child (or person) doubts the truth about the "Old Master" picture children's party, let that child (or person) *prove* that there is not a mark all round the picture of the Duchess of Devonshire, just inside the frame, and *prove* that she was not once missed, when a great "to-do" was made, and that finally she came back, as can be seen to this day.

In the meantime—*Where was she?* Well, you've read all about the party that she gave to the "Old Master" picture children, so you really *ought to know!*

"*I thought I saw her head move.*"
*Drawn by Ethel Everett.*

# DAY-OLD CHICKS

(*Continued from page 40.*)

Through the buzz of talk, horribly distinct, came the high head-voice of Mincing Lane.

"I suppose just because he's a parson he thinks he's got a right to tick anyone off! Perhaps he'll learn better one of these days. What does *he* know of the world? Comes up and buttonholes me at the bar—at the *bar*, if you please!—and asks me what I mean by talking about Stephanie and Dickie Hyde. Never a word of apology for butting in, mind you! And it isn't as though I had been saying anything everybody didn't know already. You'd have thought she was a nun, the way he went for me. Rotten little Buttinsky."

"Oh, shut up, for the love of Pete, Lane," said someone.

But Mincing Lane's potations had made of him that dreadful production, an inebriated cad with a grievance.

"You make me tired, honestly you do!" he protested. "What's the good of pretending you don't know what she's up to? Why not be frank and call a spade a spade? I'll bet you anything you like——"

He broke off with a sharp intake of breath, shocked beyond measure at the sudden appearance of Dickie's face within a few inches of his own; for the expression that face bore was, to put it mildly, disagreeable. Dickie's eyes were literally blazing, his complexion was dead white.

"Quite apart from any personal considerations, Lane," he asked in a carefully modulated tone that was more terrifying than the loudest shout, "has nobody ever told you that one does not bandy ladies' names about in club bars?"

Mincing Lane attempted to step backwards, found his retreat cut off by a stool, and had no choice but to fall back upon bluster.

"Didn't anybody ever tell you that in the days when you were selling ribbons behind a counter, you nauseating little hog?" Dickie elaborated.

"I wouldn't stand that, Lane, if I were you," put in a bystander, shooting a wink at Dickie over Lane's shoulder.

"I should say not!" mouthed the wretched calumniator, with the courage that comes to trapped vermin. "Come outside, will you?"

"Gladly," Dickie responded.

"No, don't come out, you fellows!" Lane called to the eager sight-seers who would have followed. "I want to see this thing through alone."

Disappointed, they returned to the bar, telling one another that Mincing Lane had something in him after all, curse them if he hadn't.

And it must be admitted that had he not had "something in him" he would certainly never have brought himself to his then dubious position.

Out on the grass, screened by the clubhouse from the view of the folk at the tables, Dickie halted and looked down contemptuously at Mincing Lane.

"Well?" he queried shortly.

Mincing Lane advanced with caution and laid hold of the lapel of Dickie's coat.

"I say, old man," he faltered, "I don't know how you came to find that out—about my once having been in a shop, I mean—but damn it! You needn't go and tell everybody!"

For a moment Dickie stared into the common, furtive little face, too astounded to speak. Then he gave vent to a sudden guffaw that made the other jump like a startled rabbit.

"You win," he said, "hands down."

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"Only that I find I can't thrash you after all," Dickie told him. "Go thy ways in peace."

For richly as Mincing Lane deserved castigation, and rightly bounden as Dickie felt himself to administer it, the unexpected accuracy of his shot in the dark and Lane's *naïveté* had combined to unweapon him. Still, even so——

"I think you had better carry away a little souvenir of a delightful evening, all the same," he said pleasantly. And seizing the terrified mincer by his coat collar and the seat of his trousers he shot him like a sack of rubbish into a convenient clump of cacti. Then, whistling his untuneful little stave, he ran down the steep flight of steps leading to the road and walked home, grinning.

IV.

He grinned again at his reflection in the mirror as he got out of his clothes and flung them on the floor for the "boy" to gather up in the morning—one of his many bad bachelor habits—and girded himself in a *sarong* gay with birds and flowers. As he crawled under the mosquito net and stretched himself on the hard mattress he was still thinking happily of his parting vision of Mincing Lane kicking among the cacti.

Despite the lateness of the hour he found himself unable to sleep, and presently, in the nervous exhaustion of insomnia, his outlook took on a less cheerful hue.

As he turned and tossed he cursed Java lock, stock, and barrel—its sticky, enervating heat, its myriad night noises.

But the Java nights were always like this, at all events in the Wet Monsoon. What was wrong with him to-night, then? Barring that little piece of unpleasantness with Lane there had been nothing in especial to upset him, unless it were—unless it were——

Dickie's heart missed a beat as realisation came upon him like a released flood. No doubt the knowledge had been with him all along, but subconsciously repressed so that it never became articulate even to the secret ear of his soul. How could he have been so blind? he asked himself. It had needed the vague pain of that talk with Stephanie, its climax in the promise of renunciation, to teach him there was anything to renounce; anything beyond a dear camaraderie, that was to say. Never until called upon to give up, for her sake, his companionship with her had he realised the acheing void its loss would mean; and not then, even, had he recognised, in his honest, clean soul, the appalling truth which, like a white-hot iron, seared it now.

A thousand burning thoughts new to his heart came tumbling into it—live embers of passionate imagination that smouldered and glowed and would not be quenched. Stephanie's infinite physical appeal—the unsounded depths of her hazel eyes, the cool touch of her hand, the sweet cadences of her voice—seized upon his senses and shook him to the foundations of his being.

At first he was only aghast at his discovery. That he—*he*, who had always held this to be the unforgivable sin of sins!—should find himself suddenly plunged into this mill-race where all one's old standards and loyalties were no more than broken sticks that tossed and eddied on the frothy crest! He who but a few short hours ago had promised, for this woman's sake, to forgo her society, now to be obsessed with these damnable imaginings! He was an utter cad: a worse cad, infinitely, than Mincing Lane. . . .

And now a tiny sibilant voice seemed to whisper close to his ear.

"When you agreed so airily to renunciation," it suggested, "you did not realise what you said. How should you—you with your idealised inexperience of love and all it means? A 'pleasant friendship': that's what you thought it was, did you? Well, everything is different now that you know better. Play your hand for all it's worth out riding to-morrow."

Then for a moment came a vision of (*Continued on page 44*)

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# DAY-OLD CHICKS: (*Continued from p. 42*)

Drawquhaber, with his jovial face unwontedly serious, as he had said "Yes, I'm glad to know that," in answer to Dickie's promise of future discretion . . . but for a moment only. Then the little hissing voice went on again.

"After all," it said, "this was a thing that happened somewhere or other every day that passed. Love was not to be put on a lead like a dog. It was a mighty roaring flood that swept a man—if he *were* a man, virile and red-blooded—off his feet and carried him helpless towards the falls."

Towards the falls. . . .

At that picture he reined in his imagination with an effort. Yes, it would indeed be "towards the falls"—the cataracts of vile treachery to a man he knew little but had always respected, disloyalty to every ideal of honour he had erected for himself.

Yet such things were happening every day. Men as decent as himself—*himself* decent, indeed !—were doing them. You only had to read the divorce news. . . . What if all those old ideals were no more, after all, than quixotic balderdash founded on ascetic misconceptions of human nature . . . ?

He was almost in a fever from the torment of conflicting impulse when the grey light slanted in through the shutters and his "boy" arrived, yawning, to put out the riding kit.

V.

As he greeted Stephanie on her verandah he wondered whether his outward demeanour showed any change.

While he dressed, while he rode down the avenue of *kenari* trees to her door, his thoughts had been busily reconstructing every little incident they could possibly construe into signs of a preference for himself over the general run of Stephanie's "day-old-chicks." Hadn't there always been a tiny shade of difference in her voice when it was to him she spoke ? Hadn't she a habit of asking his advice about this or that triviality ? He remembered quite clearly, too, the warmth in her voice once when she commented on his care for her little likes and dislikes.

"You never forget how I always like an extra cherry in my Martini, Dickie," she had once said, with an emphasis that implied forgetfulness in other quarters.

Looking through the spectacles of his newly acquired perception he was not long in persuading himself of a marked change this morning in her manner towards him, and he wondered whether for her, too, a secret bud had burgeoned into the dark flower in the night watches. She showed a new shyness, he thought—a palpitating timidity, now and then. Her eyes, he told himself, did not meet his with the old frank camaraderie. And what a flow of chatter she kept up ! Fighting for composure, he supposed. . . .

"Did you have fruit and coffee before you started ? I've heaps of coffee made, if you'd like some. . . . Oh, isn't it glorious out, this time of the morning ? I always think it's the one and only time of the day worth living in Java. You can move about without getting sticky and uncomfortable . . . Bintang has got horribly fat, don't you think ? Never mind. I'll make the old pig reduce a few pounds when we get to The Mile. Do you hear that, Bintang ? I'm sure she understands what I'm saying, Dickie. Look at the expression on her face ! . . . Chuck me down a banana for her, will you ? . . . There, old girl ! Are you satisfied now ? "

How she rattled on ! "Dead nervous," thought Dickie, and his heart was pounding as they mounted and set forth.

On a high ridge overlooking the plain they halted for a breather.

"Can you imagine anything more beautiful, Stephanie ? " Dickie asked, stroking Bintang's satin neck. He pointed to the panorama of blue volcanic peaks, to Chandi scattered over its green hills like a collection of white dolls' houses.

"Beautiful," she echoed thoughtfully. "Yes, it *is* beautiful. But Dickie, don't you ever feel that it is all an *empty* beauty, like—oh, like the beauty of some lovely but utterly shallow woman ? Don't you ever get afraid that this petty little existence out here is going to cramp your soul so that it will never be the same again as long as you live ? "

"Do you feel that ? " he asked, trying hard to control his voice.

"I wonder," she went on, "whether you have ever tried to imagine the life of the average married Englishwoman—the childless one, anyway—out here ? No household work to do with the young armies of servants we keep. No decent shops to kill time amongst. No real women-friends—none in the sense that men understand friendship, that is—because the climate and the monotony of seeing the same old faces, day in, day out, get on our nerves so much that we quarrel like cats on the tiniest provocation. Those morning bridge-parties ! . . . And heat, mosquitoes, malaria. Constant headaches. Lack of all the little details that go to spell comfort. The very bareness of the houses, necessary though it is for health's sake, makes me want to cry sometimes. Oh, what wouldn't I give for a cosy arm-chair in front of a blazing fire ! "

"But you haven't been out very long yet, you know," Dickie reminded her in tones that he hoped did not ring too false. "I suppose everyone feels like that at first, only they all shake down to it eventually."

For a moment she was silent, contemplating the misty landscape with far-away eyes. When she spoke again it was in a low voice—almost a whisper—and as though she communed with herself, forgetful that there was a listener.

"A cosy fire-side. . . . Comfortable evening talks with a man who was a *real* husband, a *real* pal ! . . . But it will go on and on till I become like poor Mrs. Bristow."

Something clutched at Dickie's heart. He stretched forth a trembling hand and laid it on her arm.

"Stephanie ! Oh, my dear, if you feel like that——"

With a jerk she came back to her surroundings, and a faint blush tinged her cheeks.

"Come, let us get on with our ride. The sun'll be up directly " ; and she kicked her heels into Bintang's well-covered ribs with a force that drew a grunt of affronted expostulation from that outraged animal.

For half an hour they rode almost in silence, and then the track brought them into a muddy lane with coconut groves on either side.

It was here that it happened.

A great water-buffalo, dripping with mire from his wallow, stalked out of a side-path and halted, winding them. Another followed, and another, until a dozen of the cumbrous beasts choked the narrow roadway.

"No call to be nervous," said Dickie. "They're harmless enough."

But a *kerbau* meekly obeying the shrill orders of a tiny native child—as they invariably do—and a *kerbau* snuffing up the hated white-man scent are as different as chalk and cheese. As the riders sat in momentary indecision the buffaloes thrust out their muzzles and rolled red eyes menacingly. Then one or two of them gave the ridiculous mewing noise which is their apology for a bellow. The mass of brutes moved forward at a walk which speedily changed to a clumsy trot, and a second later they were charging full tilt. Yells of panic broke from a *kampong* among the trees.

"This way, quick ! " shouted Dickie, and as Stephanie dragged Bintang's head round he dealt the mare a thwack across the buttocks that sent her flying like the wind.

Neck-and-neck they tore along a track that led them out by a circuit into open country again.

"It's all right. We've shaken 'em off," Dickie announced presently, and began to pull his waler to a steadier pace. Then :

"Hi ! Woa ! " he yelled after Stephanie.

But Stephanie had shot a hundred yards ahead before he realised what had happened. The sight of her hat snatched from her head by a projecting bamboo and left lying unheeded in the mud told him the truth.

Bintang was running away. The cumulative effect of the kick in the ribs and that stinging cut of the whip had been too much for the pampered favourite's nerves.

But even yet Dickie had something to realise. It was not until they had torn through a *kampong*, darting between the huts and over the bamboo boundary-fence, scattering dogs and children ; not until they had burst through a tapioca-field, clattered down a ravine, and up the opposite side ; not until they were galloping hell-for-leather up a gently ascending grass-slope ; not until then did the awful thought of the Red Rock come to Dickie.

The Red Rock, the dizzy precipice that overhung the plain like some grim sentinel, lay ahead ; not far ahead, either ; half a mile, perhaps.

"That fringe of bushes on the sky-line, that's it," he thought, with a dreadful choking sensation in his throat ; and he sat down to ride in real earnest.

Royal fare, fortunately, had rendered Bintang out of condition, and soon Dickie had forced his beast up to her shoulder. His hand shot out to the near rein. He grasped it and pulled ; and pulled again, with a rising sensation of sick terror.

Bintang's neck was set like a bar of steel. Tug as he would, he could not move her an inch from her course.

With an almost superhuman effort he drew up until his horse's shoulder was level with Bintang's muzzle. Then he bored in on her, working her inch by inch away to the off.

It takes so long to tell though it happened so quickly. . . . To Dickie afterwards it was all just a series of snapshot impressions ; the snapshot of Stephanie's dead-white face, her eyes starting from their sockets, her livid lips framed to a scream that was frozen in her throat ; the snapshot of the fatal line of bushes rising straight at him. One awful glimpse he had of the giddy, misty depths of the plain below, with the river shining like a thin silver snake—and then a dissolving picture of frantic hooves kicking wildly right above his head. . . .

* * * * *

"Oh Dickie, *Dickie !* You're not killed, are you ? "

Stephanie's voice came wailing thinly to him, as though his ears had been padded with wool. Still only half conscious he struggled to a sitting position and gazed vaguely at her kneeling beside him on the turf. The horses, with true equine indifference to what is past and done with, stood cropping grass a few yards away.

"Wha' happened ? " Dickie mumbled.

"One of them stumbled and brought them both down," she told him tremulously. "Another second and we should have been—down there."

She covered her face, trembling violently.

"Are you sure you're not hurt, Stephanie ? "

"Nothing but a few bruises. And you, Dickie ? "

"Oh, I'm right as rain. By jove, we're lucky not to have—— Here, I say, Stephanie ! For God's sake don't cry ! Oh, my darling, my darling ! "

In that moment she was in his arms, crushed against him ; his lips were on hers ; he was stammering out a flood of rapid, hot, incoherent words.

"Oh my dear, my darling ! . . . We'll soon put a stop to it all ! . . . You *shall* spend your life with someone who will appreciate you, be a real pal to you ! . . . We'll go to some other country——"

And then he realised that she was fighting to get out of his embrace ; fighting desperately. . . .

"Let me go, will you ? " she cried, and in no tone of coquetry but of unmistakable fury.

His arms dropped limply to his sides and he stood regarding her dully, dumb with shame.

"Oh, how dare you ? " she demanded, her eyes blazing. And then as abruptly her tone softened. "Oh, Dickie, I'm so disappointed in you . . . . Are you just like other men after all ? "

Dickie found his miserable tongue.

"Can you ever forgive me ? " he asked. "I'm an utter, complete cad. Nothing you can say is too bad for me. I can only tell you I'm truly, humbly sorry."

"Why, of course I forgive you. But I really *am* disappointed—bitterly so. . . . Our friendship—— Whatever made you spoil it all ? Did you think I didn't love Frank ? "

"Oh, I don't know," Dickie answered wearily. "I suppose so. You said—I thought—you were neglected and unhappy."

She shook her head.

"I may not like the country and the life, Dickie, or having my husband always so wrapped up in his work, but there's no man for me but my Frank, nor ever will be. He went away to Batavia, on business, by the early train this morning. And do you know (*Continued on page* 50.)

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. Gilbert Cousland

## *Here's to a good Flip!*

Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. John Tilley
talking it over with Mr. Richard Pearse, the well-known Pilot at Heston Airport.

# CAPTAIN HALKIN MEETS AN OLD COMPANION:

## *The Murder at the Swan Inn*

(*Continued from page 38*)

Tom Fuller was transfixed with surprise and terror at finding himself thus suddenly recognised and, "Who—who are you?" trembled from his lips.

"No other than your old comrade, Captain Halkin."

Fuller widened his mouth and eyes, and clasped his hands in wonder and astonishment — a pantomime which naturally caused him to let fall his haversack, the contact of which with the hard ground elicited a heavy metallic sound, instantly recognised to be that of a heavy quantity of gold, as Captain Halkin's suddenly flaming eye and flushing cheek bore involuntary witness.

Fuller must have been struck with the expression of his old comrade's face as he hastened to say, with an interrogative doubtfulness of look and tone contradictory of his words, that he was not only rejoiced to meet again with his former illustrious captain but was quite sure he had nothing to apprehend from him.

The "illustrious captain" replied that he could only confirm that assurance after having been fully informed of what it might be Mr. Fuller was especially apprehensive of. Fuller replied that he was mainly afraid of bailiffs; but to Captain Halkin he would acknowledge, in strict confidence, that a trumped-up accusation of having cheated the nephew of a nobleman at cards had caused his name to be placed in the "Hue and Cry," a copy of which he, with remarkable frankness, produced and placed in the captain's hand, pointing out as he did so the paragraph which offered twenty pounds reward for the apprehension of Thomas Fuller, formerly a lieutenant in the Royal service. Retirement for a while to the vernal shades of the country was, in such a disastrous state of affairs, imperative. Could, *would* Captain Halkin help his ancient comrade at so sore a pinch?

Captain Halkin professed himself unable to decide off-hand in so grave a matter; choosing first to run, soliloquizingly, through the for and against of so committing himself. This, undoubtedly, must have been mere acting; the purpose of which was to dissipate any shadow of a suspicion of his own trustworthiness that might have arisen in Fuller's mind. He must have deemed it essential to do so, as he had marked the apprehensive dismay manifested by the ex-lieutenant when the accidental falling to the ground of his haversack revealed that he was in actual possession of a heavy sum in gold. It cannot, however, but strike one that Captain Halkin's natural sharpness of mental vision must have been blunted by his insane eagerness to seize that gold, or he could scarcely have been so grossly duped, consummate actor in such affairs as Fuller is said to have been.

Be that as it may, Captain Halkin, as they slowly took their way in the direction of the Swan, thus, according to Fuller's version, mainly delivered himself:—

He had formerly known Lieutenant Fuller as an officer in Queen Anne's service; and if at that time evil tongues made free with his name it was no more than they did with that of the Duke of Marlborough, the imputation in both cases being pretty nearly the same—the fraudulent obtainment, namely, of money. He, Captain Halkin, was not obliged to be acquainted with the recent life and conversation of ex-Lieutenant Fuller, or that his name was in the "Hue and Cry" for, as his old comrade alleged, a trumped-up offence. And what if Fuller now wished to pass under the name of Johnson? Many persons of quality had adopted the same expedient. Upon a review, therefore, of all the circumstances Captain Halkin thought he would be fully justified, and quite safe, in befriending his friend Fuller who, he suggested in conclusion, would be quite as secure, nay, more so, if introduced and vouched for by himself, at the Swan, Knightsbridge, as at any other place that could be named.

◆

Much needful counsel remained to be urged by Captain Halkin before the pair reached the Swan; the most insisted-upon item whereof was that Fuller should make ostentatious proclamation, as it were, of his poverty; the chief reasons for doing so being "that robberies of wealthy travellers have been perpetrated at the Swan; and that the cost of your entertainment will be less; especially so," he added, with a vain attempt at indifference of tone and manner, "if you offer to sleep in the bedroom in which, as you may have heard, one Meredith was not long since murdered. No one has since dared to sleep therein; but an old soldier like you will hardly be afraid of ghosts, and I know that to break through the silly prejudice attaching to the room the landlady will be glad to let you sleep therein gratis." Tom Fuller promptly replied that it was just then such cursed low water with him that he would face all the ghosts in Christendom for the cost of a magnum of claret. Preliminaries being thus adjusted to their mutual satisfaction their course lay plain before both gentlemen.

A course brief as plain. The goal and gulf to which, consciously and unconsciously, the two plotters were bound was reached on the night of the 17th of March, just four days after Fuller's arrival at the Swan, and his occupancy of the "murder" bedroom.

It is plain to me, and will presently be so to the reader, that a vague, torturing sense of peril, of impending ruin, must, during those four days, have enfeebled the intellect of Captain Halkin. Instinctively he must have felt himself to be upon the edge of an abyss, which to successfully overleap would be a miracle—and yet, take the desperate spring he must. A letter from his son, received on the second day after his meeting with Fuller, warned him that if a large sum was not forwarded forthwith he, Kyrle, would be obliged to leave Cambridge, furtively, a dishonoured man. How, so goaded, *could* such a man as Halkin coolly measure the chances of the desperate leap to which he was inexorably urged.

Accident strengthened his wavering courage; Fuller came—rather was hooted home on the evening of the 16th, from the Old Fox, in a state of beastly drunkenness; not so hooted because he was beastly drunk but because he had no money to pay his score. Halkin, moved, he made it appear, by the fellow's asseverations, reinforced by a profusion of hiccupped oaths, that he had not, for the moment, a farthing in the world, discharged the debt, and Fuller staggered upstairs to bed. Soon afterwards Halkin slipped quietly out of the general room and swiftly gained his own bedchamber whence, looking into his friend's, he saw Fuller lying helplessly drunk upon the floor. He saw also that the key of the haversack, suspended round his neck by a ribbon, was dangling from Fuller's waist-pocket. Easy then, by and by, to obtain a few minutes' possession of that key, and replace it without a chance of detection; and who, if the drunken beast should next day complain of having been robbed of a large sum in gold, would attach the slightest credence to such a statement. Besides, were not the officers of criminal justice in quest of Johnson *alias* Fuller. Not then in a position he to raise an outcry for a loss in which no one would for a moment believe. The stars were propitious, and that very night Captain Halkin would seize time by the forelock.

◆

One precaution would render assurance doubly sure. Fuller was not so dead drunk but that he from time to time stretched forth his hand for a bottle that stood by him and sucked thereat. A few drops of a potent agent, with which Captain Halkin was always provided, gently poured therein would effectually seal up the drunkard's senses for the next seven or eight hours at least. That little manœuvre was dexterously managed. Captain Halkin had the satisfaction of seeing his friend Fuller stretch forth his hand for the bottle, seize it and, as the glug-glug in his throat bore witness, or appeared to do so, swallow a considerable quantity. Tom Fuller's unconsciousness, for a sufficient time, of all things passing around him, was, therefore, an accomplished fact, and Captain Halkin hurried away.

His absence had been so brief, and his re-entrance, like his exit, so quietly effected that no one seemed to have noticed that he had left the room. It was, however, observed, and subsequently much commented upon, that the heavy gloom which had of late weighed down his spirits, seemed upon that evening to have been suddenly lifted; that he was again the gay-hearted boon companion of former days, with the difference that he drank as he was never seen to drink before. "The captain's rollicking spirits that evening," remarked a correspondent of *The Post Boy* newspaper, "seeming to be rather the frothy ebullitions of the liquor he swallowed than the natural wellings forth of a genial jovial nature." It may be, however, that this was an afterthought of *The Post Boy* correspondent.

Captain Halkin retired at his usual hour, the general company broke up soon afterwards, and by twelve o'clock the house was quiet, its indwellers, with few exceptions, sound asleep.

One of these exceptions, the only one, he himself believed, is Captain Halkin. He does not, however, feel sufficiently confident in that belief till between the hour of one and two when he suddenly rises and partially dresses himself. He then peers into the next chamber and, favoured by a sufficient starlight, ascertains that Fuller remains helplessly recumbent upon the floor; his eager, sensitive ear, moreover, assures him that the stertorous breathing of slumbering drunkenness has completely ceased; that the sleep of his ancient comrade is indeed twin-brother to that of death—calm, still—all but pulseless.

◆

Captain Halkin's soundless steps return towards his own bed, from under which he pulls a trunk and takes a coat therefrom, not to put it on but to rip open the back inside lining which conceals a mask so skilfully manufactured that it could be flattened without injury to its feature's individuality. This mask he carefully assumes and adjusts and, glancing in the chamber-mirror, starts back with unreasoning, instinctive horror. The glass, illumed by the watching stars, presents to him the face of the unfortunate wretch whom he had seen killed at Tyburn; he himself having been the real pronouncer of the bloody sentence; the veritable executioner by which life had been wrenched from Swartz's quivering carcase.

It will not do to permit his thoughts to darken that way, and Captain Halkin, summoning his faculties for the accomplishment of the work in hand, completes his toilet and creeps towards his prey.

His purpose will be easily achieved. The discharge of a cannon close to his ear would not awake the sleeper, and the captain, possessing himself of the haversack key, quietly proceeds to secure his booty—a rich one—one hundred and seventy odd heavy gold pieces, all of which are soon securely pouched; the haversack is re-locked, the ribbon to which the key is attached replaced round Fuller's neck, and the burglar steals forth from the chamber as softly as he entered it. He intends to leave the Swan by the back entrance and, after depositing the gold in a secret place, to return to bed and feign sleep till his usual hour of rising.

Meanwhile, the supposedly drunken, opium-drugged man cautiously rises to his feet, and with stealthiest footfall follows the unapprehensive robber. He has not far to go. As Captain Halkin's right hand grasps the handle of the door opening out upon the passage or corridor Fuller springs upon him, pinions his arms, shouting, yelling, as he does so, with ferocious triumph.

That shouting, yelling, is promptly responded to by the flinging wide of the door which Halkin was in the act of opening, and the bursting into the room of two officers—one of them Sharman—who have been lying in wait in the passage.

The thunder-smitten criminal comprehends in one dread moment of time that he is lost—that resistance, denial, subterfuge, will be useless, absurd. After one frantic outburst of despair the soldier-spirit of the man gradually regains ascendancy, and he submits with sullen, defiant despair to his fate. By dawn of day he is in Newgate, the occupant of the same cell, by chance or design, to which Peter Swartz had been consigned.

Now comes a passage in this strange history which, judged of by modern notions, would seem to be utterly incredible. There cannot, however, be any doubt entertained of its strict truth.

◆

Captain Halkin was lodged in Newgate early on Saturday morning of the 17th of March. It chanced that the magistrate at Bow Street did not sit either on that day or the following Monday, and the three days' respite from public exposure thus afforded gave Captain Halkin leisure and opportunity to elaborate a scheme for the fulfilment of the only hope which, since his arrest, dwelt in his thoughts. His own doom was death. In that respect he nourished no illusions, as clearly appears from the letters he forwarded, within an hour of his arrival at Newgate, and two other influential gentlemen, whose names are not given. All he cared for was to prevent Kyrle from knowing that his father had justly incurred, and would assuredly suffer, a felon's fate. This was not so difficult to manage in those days as now, when newspapers give the wings of the morning to every occurrence or rumour likely to interest the public; and in Halkin's case there were particularly favourable circumstances. He ascertained that a vessel, the *William and Mary*, was to sail from the Thames for America on the Monday or Tuesday next. Now, if he could be permitted to send for his son, explain to him that the failure of the distillery company had utterly deprived him of money-means, and that it was therefore imperatively necessary that he, Kyrle, should immediately leave England upon a mission of pressing importance to his uncle at Boston, Captain Halkin felt little doubt that, as he would manage it, his son, remaining in America, would only hear, at the end of some six or seven months, that his father had been cut off by sudden illness. He explained his views more at large to the two anonymous gentlemen who, at his earnest solicitation, visited him without delay (Colonel Gillespie being temporarily absent from London). He promised that if they would exert their influence to enable him to gratify the supreme desire of his soul he would save the authorities much trouble by placing a written circumstantial confession of his guilt in their hands; not only his guilt in reference to the murder and robberies at the Swan Inn, Knightsbridge, but with respect to antecedent offences which it was desirable, for the public interest, should be truthfully made known. All he asked was that a trusty messenger should be forthwith despatched to Cambridge for his son, and that he, Captain Halkin, be permitted an interview with him on his arrival in London in a private house, as near Newgate as might be wished. It would be easy to guard him so effectually, without his son's being cognizant of his being guarded, as to preclude the possibility of escape. Besides, he would give his word of honour as an officer and a gentleman that he would make no attempt at escape, but quietly return to Newgate at the hour agreed upon.

The "word of honour" of a confessed assassin and burglar would not, one would think, have been held to have much binding force; and yet, in this instance, the contrary seems to have been the case. The two gentlemen professed and, no doubt, felt entire reliance upon the prisoner's honour, and promised to use their interest with the gaol authorities to obtain their assent to Halkin's extraordinary request. Meanwhile a messenger would be at once despatched to Cambridge with a letter to Kyrle; and to make sure that the envoy should not, by design or inadvertence, reveal the truth he, the envoy, should not himself know that the writer, the sender of the letter, was in prison.

So far there was no difficulty, but upon applying to the authorities the friends

(*Concluded on page 48*)

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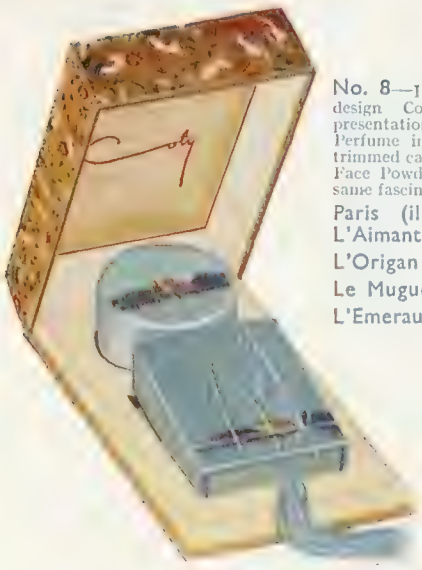

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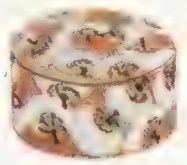

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# CAPTAIN HALKIN'S LAST MEAL:

## *The Murder at the Swan Inn*—(*Continued from page 46*)

of the prisoner found that they had over-rated their influence. The very notion of assenting to the felon-prisoner's request was ontemptuously pooh-poohed, and Halkin, informed of the official refusal, was in despair. Fortunately, Colonel Gillespie returned to town early on the morrow (Sunday), had an immediate interview with the prisoner, and so zealously exerted his powerful influence that Halkin's prayer was reluctantly acceded to.

The place fixed upon for the meeting of the father and son was an apartment on the first floor of No. 7 Ludgate Hill. It could be so closely watched from without that any effort at escape would be certainly defeated.

As evening fell, Captain Halkin, handcuffed, emerged from the gaol gate and entered a coach (though the distance to be traversed was two or three hundred yards only), one guardian seating himself beside him, one mounting the box, and others keeping close to the coach which, by order, proceeded at a foot pace, from which precautions it is pretty clear that the authorities did not place implicit reliance upon the "word of honour" of the assassin of Meredith and Peter Swartz.

No. 7 Ludgate Hill is soon reached, and Captain Halkin, relieved of his handcuffs, is left to himself in a handsomely furnished room. Wine and other aids to conviviality are on a sideboard, and at nine precisely an ample supper will be served. It yet wants half an hour by the dial to the time fixed for Kyrle's arrival, and Halkin, whose every movement is watched by the officers from just without, after a shuddering glance at a mirror which shows him a white, haggard face, drinks hastily and largely of the wine till, in fact, the white, haggard face is flushed—the dulled eyes bright, sparkling. No matter that they are kindled by factitious fire, so that the flame die not out till eleven o'clock.

Kyrle Halkin and his father have met and passed an evening of real enjoyment on the part of the son, of wonderfully simulated gaiety on that of the father.

Never, it is stated by Sharman who, habited as a menial, waited upon them, never did Captain Halkin appear more jocund, hilarious—fuller of pleasantry and anecdote. He even volunteered a favourite song; but, for all his bravery, broke down at the line "When thou art old there'll be grief for thee" and burst into tears. The son thought it was loving fear for him on account of the perils of the voyage to America that made his father weep, and spoke blithely of the matter, and of how little danger, nowadays, there was in crossing the Atlantic in a stout ship. "It was a cruel scene," adds Sharman, "to them that understood it."

◆

It is over, that sad last supper; the father and son tear themselves from each other's convulsive embrace; Kyrle, who has a sealed parcel in his hand directed to his uncle, hurries downstairs, enters a coach waiting to convey him to Gravesend, to which place the *William and Mary* has already dropped down, and is rapidly driven off. His son gone—for ever gone from him—Captain Halkin's fortitude gives way, and a hurricane of grief, remorse, despair, sweeps through and seems to rend his being. "A piteous sight," exclaims Sharman: "I could not help feeling compassion for him, villain and murderer as I knew him to be."

Foolish weakness, that, which may not be long indulged in. The hand of the dial is upon the stroke of eleven, and the officers enter the room to say it is full time to be moving. Those harsh tones act as a trumpet-call to the veteran soldier's pride, his courage; which rekindled fires dry up his tears, re-string his nerves, and he holds up his hands for the reception of the handcuffs with the stern calmness of a stoic or a martyr.

On the following morning he places his written confession in the hands of Colonel Gillespie. It is a prolix, wordy document, from which much of the foregoing narrative has been gleaned; and it will only be necessary for the illumination of the obscure passages in that narrative to extract a few brief paragraphs from the unhappy man's confession:—

"The wild waywardness of my youth and early manhood was controlled, purified by as true a passion as ever kindled the pulse, or glowed within the heart of man. I met Agnes Lee at High Barnet Fair. She was a rustic lass, uneducated, save by the magical teachings of a delicate organisation; but of a beauty dazzling, marvellous, divine. I knew that my father would rather that I mated with a daughter of a king of fiends than with a peasant wench, and I wooed, won, married, Agnes Lee in the name of James Gordon. Then followed a heaven of rapturous bliss, lightning-like in its vividness, its swift flight—and in the utter blackness by which it was succeeded, swallowed up. My father summoned me to Carlisle upon affairs of moment, and I left my wife in the care of her aunt, at the village of Cock Foster. Months passed away before I could return thither, which I did at last quite unexpectedly to Agnes and her aunt. My wife was not at home, and the terrified aunt shook in every limb as if a spectre from the grave confronted her when I entered the house. I did not much heed her for the moment, for there was a cradle in the room—in that cradle our child, Kyrle—so named at my request. Half an hour may, perhaps, have passed before I again bethought me of enquiring why Agnes was from home. The aunt, who always disliked me had, by that time, nerved herself to defy me, and she replied that Agnes was away for her pleasure. For her pleasure! Yes; and then the woman, with a ferocious exultation such as the apparitors of the Holy Inquisition may feel when torturing their victims, went on to say that, believing herself abandoned by me, Agnes had renewed a former intimacy with one Endell, whom she had foolishly jilted for my sake. Ay, and they were at that moment together in London, enjoying the gaieties of the town.

◆

"I need not attempt to depict the storm of rage which such an announcement excited in my breast; enough to say that, having first carried off my child to a place of safety I, guided by a slight clue which the aunt had inadvertently afforded, hastened to London, traced Agnes and her paramour from one place to another, till I at last came up with them at Hockley-in-the-Hole, whither they had gone to witness some sword-playing. I drank madly during that frantic search; but had that not been so the sight of Agnes seated by her seducer's side, with his arm passed round her waist, would have fired my blood to flame. I was beside them at a bound, and my dagger pierced his throat—her heart! There was a loud outcry, but before the mob of spectators could comprehend what had happened I was off and, thanks to the precautions I had taken, successful pursuit was hopeless, impossible. I soon afterwards entered the army, and no one would have imagined that Lieutenant Halkin was the homicide of Hockley-in-the-Hole.

"The unfortunate Swartz must have been present at that stern deed of justice, and retained my features confusedly in his memory; I felt sure of that, and dreaded every day to be denounced by him, a dread which excited the deadliest hatred in my breast against him. That rage is gone, quenched in his blood; and the poor fellow's death sits heavier on my heart than even Meredith's.

"I will not, however, affect a pious contrition that I do not feel, true as it is that I am not now, was not at the time of their perpetration, upheld by an excusing estimate of the crimes for which I am to die; I felt impelled by an irresistible fate, necessity; and had no thought of the possibility of turning back from my bloody purpose. No man, let me add—disbelieve it who may—no man who reads these lines can feel a stronger detestation, a more shrinking horror of such crimes than I felt of myself as, with cowardly steps, I stole towards Meredith's and Fuller's chamber; I certainly *wished* to be a successful robber, but I knew that I should not hesitate at murder, if murder were necessary to the success of robbery or to my own safety. Let me add, to spare the authorities the trouble of instituting any useless inquiry, that the imitative mask I wore was manufactured by myself; the hat and clothes were also adapted by my own hands. I have always had a skill in such things. I cannot explain why I put on the masklikeness of poor Swartz when I went to rob Fuller; I fancy my brain had been for some time at fault.

◆

"The play is played out; the dark curtain about to fall upon the last scene of life; but I shall not die, like Peter Swartz, amidst the jeers and curses of the rabble; and the only hereafter I believe in, or care for, is to be remembered with affection and esteem by my son—a foolish weakness, since the manifestation of that affection and esteem will find no echo in the grave where I shall rot in cold obstruction; yet I would not, if I could, shake off this weakness.

"After all, I merely disappear, somewhat untimely, from a world it was no privilege to be born into, and which may be quitted without very poignant regret. Ay, and without fear, too; I, at least, feel none, holding, as I do, that a retributive future is a dream of fools; that death—

> "'—if measured right,
> Is but a soundless sleep, a
> long good night.'"

About two hours after Colonel Gillespie left Newgate Halkin was found lying on the cell floor, dead. He died by his own hand and by poison. So thoroughly were his last wishes carried through by his influential friends that the only newspaper notice of his death I have been able to find is this:—

"The man arrested for a robbery at the Swan Inn, Knightsbridge, and lodged in Newgate on Saturday last, yesterday committed suicide by poisoning himself."

THE END.

THE FARM ROAD
by C. A. Mellon

**Mr. Mellon records the landscapes and seascapes of East Anglia with a loving skill; he believes in working completely in the open air**

◆

# COMUS
## and his MOTLEY ROUT

(*Continued from page 13.*)

The wicked offspring of Circe apostrophises the lost Lady and ejaculates that he has often seen his mother drugging the prisoned soul into Elysium but that "such home-felt delight, such sober certainty of waking bliss" he had never heard till then. The lost Lady is lured away by Comus.

***The two Brothers appear***

2ND BROTHER:

But O that haples virgin our lost sister
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles? . . .

ELDER BROTHER:

Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils . . .
He that has light within his own cleer brest
May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon . . .

*Thyrsis, the Spirit, breaks in upon the discussion and tells the brothers how powerless they are against the enchantments of Comus without some counter charm which he can produce. He recounts how a shepherd had given him a precious root.*

SPIRIT:

He call'd it *Haemony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or gastly furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true . . .

*In the meantime, the lost Lady finds herself spellbound on a marble dais in the riotous court of Comus. She resists the proffered cup.*

LADY:

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance, she good cateress
Means her provision onely to the good
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:

*In the very nick of time the brothers break in, the court is dispersed and the sister released from enchantment by the aid of Sabrina, "a virgin pure, who dwells in smooth Severn's stream" and all are reunited and the Spirit flies home with the final advice:*

Mortals that would follow me
Love vertue, she alone is free.

# HUMBER

## *the choice of the experienced motorist*

Humber has always been symbolical of the most efficient, comfortable and luxurious motoring it is possible to enjoy. Whether you wish for the silent power and dignity of the luxurious 7-seater limousine; or sporting performance with the silence, comfort and roominess always associated with Humber, it is certain to be gratified by one of this magnificent range of cars.

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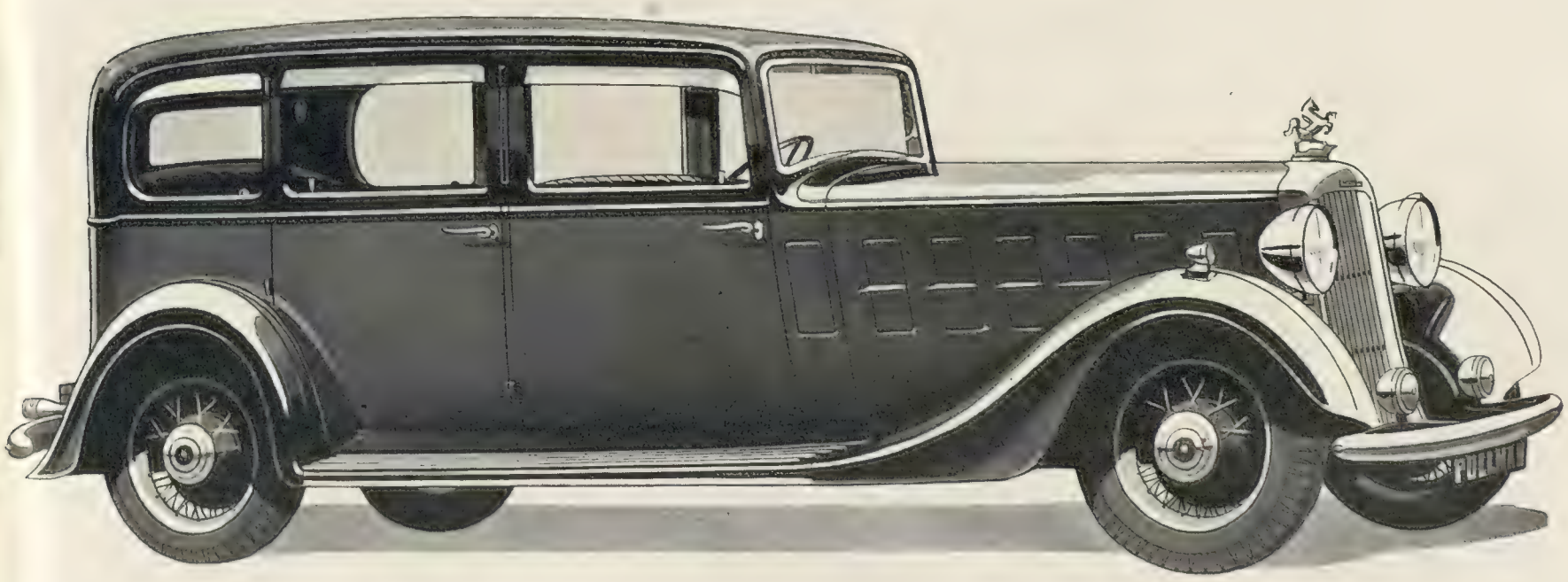
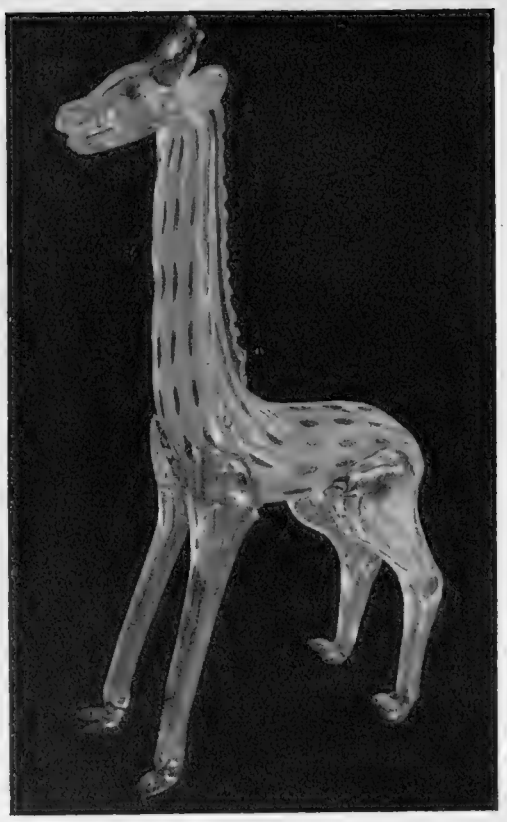


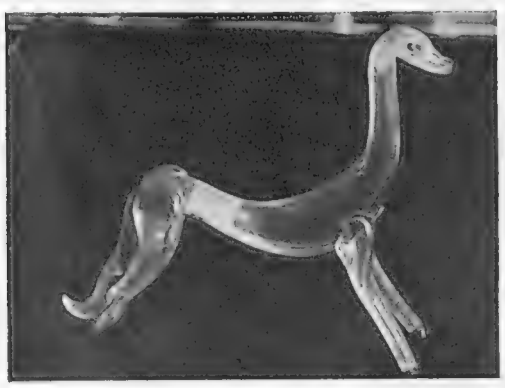
*The Pullman 7-passenger Limousine* £735 (1935 *Tax* £18.0.0)

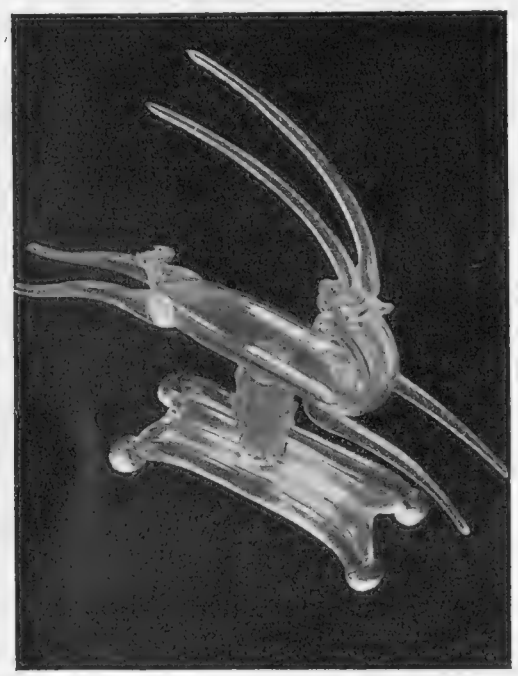
*PULLMAN · SNIPE "80" · 16/60 · AND THE NEW "TWELVE"*

BLOWING A BODY: Although this Murano factory is so famous for its glass animals, its experts are few



HOLLOW, HOLLOW, HOLLOW: A giraffe in glass, with a pronounced mane and oval spots and short legs, but a winsome fellow





ABOVE: A gazelle of sorts; on left, a poohbah with slender neck, a running horse and a tiger

WHERE THE GLASS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS ARE MADE

**On the little island of Murano near Venice there's a famous glass factory which turns out glass animals of which these are some amusing examples. *Above:* Three reindeer**

# THE STORY of the TOY SOLDIER

By CYRIL W. BEAUMONT

MOST boys rejoice in the possession of toy soldiers, and there are few men who cannot recall exciting games played with armies of lead, for soldiers are as natural to boys as dolls are to girls.

The history of the toy soldier is centuries old. Even the children of ancient Rome are said to have possessed toy soldiers, and there is mention of a little figure of Cæsar which was discovered in an early tomb. Doubtless there were many such models of illustrious emperors and centurions fashioned out of clay, baked and painted.

In the Middle Ages there existed wonderful models of knights clad in the armour of the period, sometimes chain mail, sometimes finest Milan plate. The figures themselves were generally stuffed leather, and the armour which covered them was ornamented to an extravagant degree. Sometimes the shield borne by these warriors was emblazoned with the arms of the owner's house. There are several such figures in the Bayerische Museum at Munich.

Contemporary memoirs make mention of the toy soldiers owned by Louis XIII of France when prince; his manœuvring of them was not without result when, at a later age, he commanded armies of living men.

His successor, Louis XIV, was still more fortunate, for at the age of twelve he possessed a body of model troops, all arms being included. They were made in silver by Merlin after the designs of Chassel, of Nancy, a celebrated sculptor of the period. This army cost 50,000 crowns. Unfortunately, these soldiers no longer exist, since in a period of financial embarrassment they were thrown into the melting-pot and converted into coin of the realm.

In 1672 Louis XIV's minister, Colbert, sent to Nuremberg for soldiers to be made for the amusement of the King's eldest son. Designed and made by Hans Hautsch and his son, Gottfried, these soldiers, by means of some cunning machinery, went through the movements of the drill manual of the day.

Frederick the Great of Prussia is credited with having owned the first army of lead soldiers.

But the soldier did not become a popular toy until 1760, when Andreas Hilpert, of Coburg, and his brother and son embarked on the casting of figures in tin. They could be cheaply produced, and were sold in quantities. Their uniforms were painted with care; but, like most of the soldiers still made at Nuremberg, they were flat and solid, and so only looked well when seen in profile. In general they measured six to seven inches in height; such models can be seen at the Bayerische Museum already mentioned. Some special figures, such as "Old Fritz," were sold separately.

Early in the nineteenth century the manufacture of toy soldiers spread over Germany to Switzerland, where, in Aarau, a special factory for the making of figures in tin was opened by W. Gottschalk and J. R. Wehrli.

In 1850 several German manufacturers met together and agreed that their soldiers should be of uniform height; this led to the establishment of the Nuremberg scale, by which infantry were to be 33 mm. (1⅓ in.) high, and other arms in proportion.

About this period a new development occurred, when soldiers were cut out of cardboard and hand-painted in water-colour. To make them stand they were affixed to wooden blocks. Soldiers also found a place in "scraps" and whole regiments could be made at trifling cost by cutting out the "scraps" with scissors and sticking them to blocks with the aid of glue. To make them still firmer a wire or thin lath of wood was also glued to the back of the "scrap."

The Crimean War produced the famous wooden British Grenadier, a stolid, round, Noah's Ark kind of soldier, perpetually standing at attention or presenting arms. The busby was painted a glossy black, the face was pale pink with rosy cheeks, two black dots supplied the eyes, the tunic was a brilliant scarlet with ochre buttons, the trousers were white. He was armed with a wooden gun, coloured magenta, and stood on a circular green stand.

This soldier was very popular, being inexpensive and practically unbreakable, for even if the stand became chipped he could still stand upright. Soldiers of this type were packed in regiments of ten or twenty in oval chip-wood boxes. Their height varied from four to eight inches. Sometimes the box included a pegged piece of trellis, in which case the soldiers' bases were pierced with a small hole which formed a socket for the peg. They could be fixed on the trellis, so that when it was extended they assumed various formations.

Probably no other type of model soldier has figured so largely in literature and art. He appears in the fairy tales of Andersen and Grimm, and sometimes in a *Punch* cartoon.

France replied with a new model soldier made of plaster composition, which, however, did not find favour, because the slightest knock or jar caused it to fall in two.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century an English firm, W. Britain, set up at Hornsey Rise. Their soldiers measured just under 2½ inches high. The modelling was excellent and the figures were life-like. A great business resulted.

Apart from the untold joys of playing with toy soldiers, there are many serious collectors of them who pursue their hobby with the same fervour that others accord to the acquisition of rare porcelain. There are collectors who specialise in the armies of a certain nation at a particular epoch, others who devote themselves to reconstructing some famous battle.

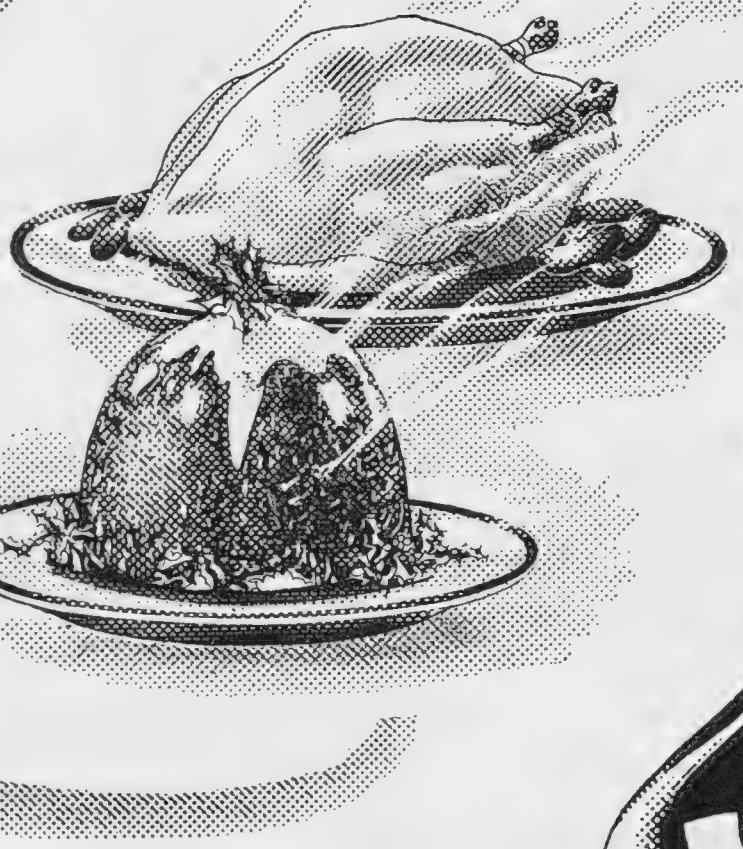
Many of these collectors employ artists to design their models, craftsmen to cast them, and skilled painters to colour them. The details of the uniform and accoutrements are based on the most careful research in museums. Others prefer to purchase the soldier of commerce and by means of pliers, file and sandpaper, to alter it to suit their purpose. Few toys repay the trouble spent on them more than soldiers, and, when well made and well painted, they acquire an air of life though inanimate. One feels there are times when they whisper enthralling tales—but only to those whose affection has gained their confidence. To all others their lips are sealed.

# VAT 69

Liqueur Scotch Whisky

## *Shapes that Recall Quality*

**The generous proportions of the turkey and the plum pudding—recalling that congenial quality of Christmas-time, generosity with good spirits. The shape of the VAT 69 bottle—recalling the highest quality in Whisky, the perfections of genuine liqueur Scotch Whisky.**



*But neither bottle nor Whisky tells you that VAT 69 costs only 12/6—a fact recalled with pleasure at all Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars.*

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY *Sanderson's*

*Quality Tells—*

Willing

# DAY-OLD CHICKS

(*Continued from page* 44.) I just don't care how old-fashioned it may sound but I shall be absolutely miserable for these three days till he gets back."

And suddenly a new feeling crept over Dickie. Through the storm of baffled longing that fought with shame came a slowly overpowering sense of thanksgiving—thanksgiving that Stephanie was what she was, thanksgiving for a clean outcome from his valley of shadows. . . .

The old, frank, boyish smile abruptly irradiated his face, and he thrust out his hand.

"Good for you," he almost shouted. "But I gather you've been worried by other swine as well as me. What about investing me with the office of head-puncher-in-chief, like the mantle of Thingummytite?"

"Your scripture's as shaky as ever, I see," said Stephanie with her old laugh.

VI.

But Dickie's troubles were not quite at an end yet. Three evenings later his telephone bell rang, and he picked the instrument up to hear Frank Lloyd's voice at the other end.

"That you, Hyde? Have you time to come down for a bit? I'd like a yarn with you—something rather particular."

"Right you are," said Dickie, with an unpleasant sensation in the pit of his stomach.

Lloyd was quick in coming to the point. After offering a drink, which Dickie refused, he took a gulp at his own and opened fire.

"First of all, I've got to thank you for saving Stephanie's life."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Dickie ambiguously.

"That's where opinions differ," Lloyd said with a slight smile. "But I won't embarrass you. . . . Look here, your being Stephanie's greatest pal"—here Dickie flushed with a quick suspicion of sarcastic intent—"I thought you'd better be the first to hear a bit of news. We're off home next week."

"Good heavens, are you really?" Dickie asked stupidly. Despite the shock of the announcement he was glad he had misinterpreted Lloyd's desire to see him.

"Yes," the other went on, "I've worked hard for it and I've pulled it off at last. Ever since she came out I've seen clearly enough that she never could, and never would, settle down happily to the life here. So I made up my mind to dispose of the business and open at home. And I've succeeded better than I ever expected. I wouldn't tell Stephanie till I was sure; but now it's certain. The deal's put through. So we're off."

"Stephanie is delighted, of course?" put in Dickie perfunctorily.

"THEY ARE GLAD TO CHOOSE ME."

(*Woodcut by Audrey Console*)

"*Measure for Measure.*" *Act ii. i.*

"Well, naturally, she is. It was my little surprise for her. . . . And"—Lloyd's voice sank to a confidential undertone—"would you believe it? The little Mem had a surprise-packet for *me* in return—*my* heart's desire! What do you think of that, now?"

When at last his meaning penetrated Dickie's brain, he stammered confused congratulations.

"And I can't say I shall be sorry to get her out of this damn country, either," Lloyd continued thoughtfully after a moment or two. "When I got home to-night she had a tale to tell that made me itch to do a little head-punching, though she insisted I was only to tell a certain person not to be a silly little boy."

So there *had* been something more behind Lloyd's invitation, Dickie thought angrily. He flushed crimson and stood up, watching Lloyd's dogged, strong face.

"I see. 'One of Mrs. Lloyd's day-old chicks,' in fact," he exclaimed.

"That about hits the nail on the head, I should say," Lloyd pronounced judicially, "though perhaps a bit on the mild side. I mean, it's a bit thick when a fellow works as hard as I have, in secret, to give his Mem a surprise and then finds some little worm has been trying to do the dirty on him behind his back."

This was going too far. In another minute, Dickie told himself, Lloyd should have all the head-punching he wanted. Yet what right of complaint had he? Cads deserved what came to them, and he had behaved like a cad.

"Steady on!" he said uncertainly.

"Still," the other wound up, "I suppose Stephanie's right after all. A little fool like Lane isn't worth the trouble of thrashing. . . . Hullo! Hi! Where are *you* off to?"

* * * * *

A few yards up the road a clergyman of jovial aspect met a young man rushing along at headlong speed.

"Not so fast, friend!" he enjoined, ruthlessly buttonholing him.

"Let me go, Padre. I'm in a hurry. See you to-morrow."

"May not one whose collar buttons at the back enquire your destination?"

"I'm on my way to carry out certain official duties. You stop me at your peril."

"We are intrigued. We would know more. Where are you going, my pretty maid—I mean, lad?"

"'I'm going a-mincing, sir,' he said," capped Dickie, trying to break away.

"Mincing what?"

"Mincing Lane," said Dickie, freeing himself at last.

A merry peal of laughter followed his retreating form.

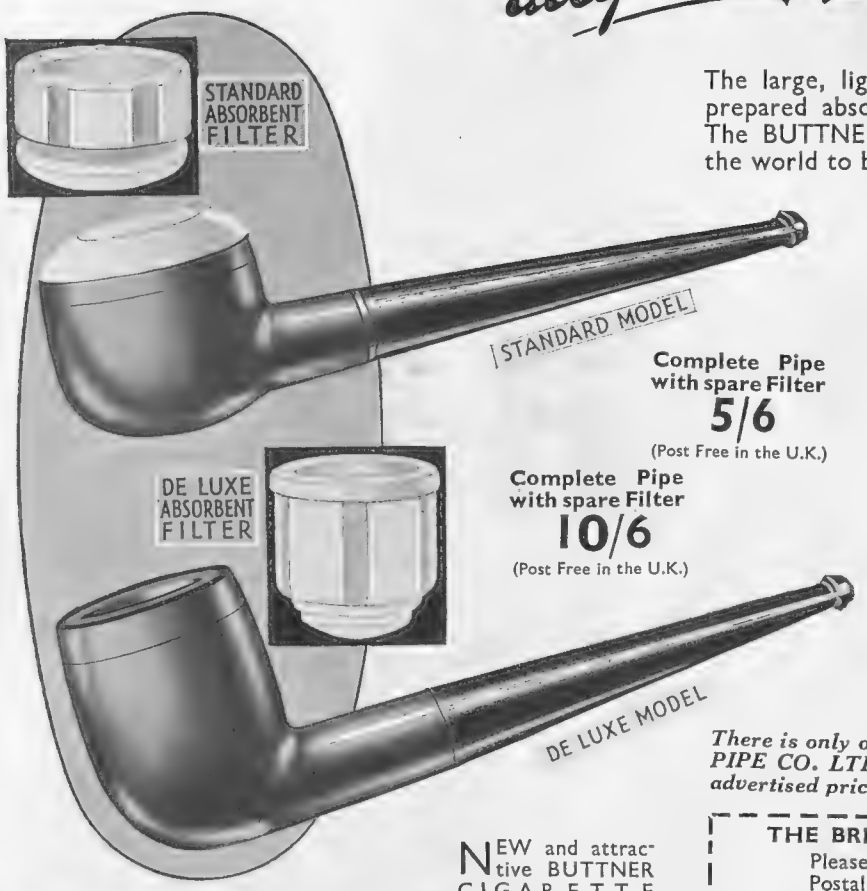
"Maybe the wish ill suits my cloth," chuckled this most human ornament of the priesthood, "but 'Heaven speed your mincing,' say I."


*Man's most acceptable Gift*

BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE

THE Success of the BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE has been so remarkable that in addition to the well-known "Standard" Model, we have now pleasure in introducing "De Luxe" Models.

The large, light weighing BUTTNER Filter is unique, and only with this specially prepared absorbent BUTTNER Filter can a perfect filtering process be obtained. The BUTTNER Pipe is acknowledged by discriminating pipe smokers throughout the world to be the IDEAL SMOKE.




**"STANDARD" MODEL.** The popular STANDARD Pipe (with white rim) is now made in two models.

No. 1 S, fishtail mouthpiece, length 5¼ inches.

No. 2 S, short lovat mouthpiece, length 4¾ inches.

The standard colour is dark Rosewood, but on request a light Briarwood shade can be supplied. It is entirely British made, of finest special materials.

**Complete Pipe with spare Filter 5/6** (Post Free in the U.K.)

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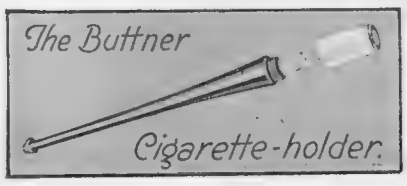
NEW and attractive BUTTNER CIGARETTE HOLDERS. Ladies', in beautiful colours, length 6 inches, 4/–. Men's 3⅞ inches, 3/6, each with 10 filters.

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No. 1 D.L, 10/6 — No. 1 S, 5/6

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Overseas customers please add postage. (Score out what not required.)

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(Please use BLOCK Capitals for name and address, or ask your Tobacconist, but make sure you get a "BUTTNER.")

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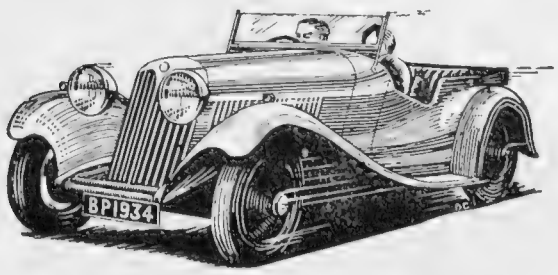
for all SNAPPY engines

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# JULIA WOODFORDE and the TRAPPIST MONK

(*Continued from page 4.*)

with the Abbot Dom Augustine Lestrange. James Power, after his escape from the monastery at Lulworth became a Protestant and was baptised in Blandford Church. Several people took an interest in him, and there was some idea of his entering the Church of England as a clergyman, but this was dropped in favour of civilian work. He was first of all offered a post as a schoolmaster in San Domingo, but afterwards accepted the position as clerk in Sierra Leone "which offers great temptation to those who love sultry beams, and their attendant fatality," as he somewhat caustically wrote to Colonel Woodforde when informing him of his love for Miss Julia. He assured the father that he had the interests of his daughter too much at heart "to entertain for a moment the revolting desire of an immediate union while poverty and dependence are my only inheritance." He set sail for Sierra Leone in 1816, and during the three months' voyage wrote his extraordinary journal, the truth of which has never been proved, and which, on the face of it, seems to be drawn largely from imagination. Every kind of disaster which could happen on a voyage fell upon the unlucky James, who incurred the enmity of the captain and, in consequence, was always being left ashore or cut adrift when asleep in a small boat. Nothing but the warm attachment of the only female aboard, Mrs. Atkins ("possessing qualifications which could render her amiable and prepossessing, young, handsome, sociable, lively, polite and well informed"), saved his life from the hair-breath adventures which he recounts. He eventually reached Sierra Leone, minus "the neat collection of clothes" which had been lost when going ashore at Senegal, when the canoe overturned, throwing James into the fierce sea, swarming with sharks! Sierra Leone at first impressed him most favourably; he calls it this "terrestrial paradise, this Garden of Eden," and he recounts the enthusiasm with which he was received and the applause which his Irish songs brought him.

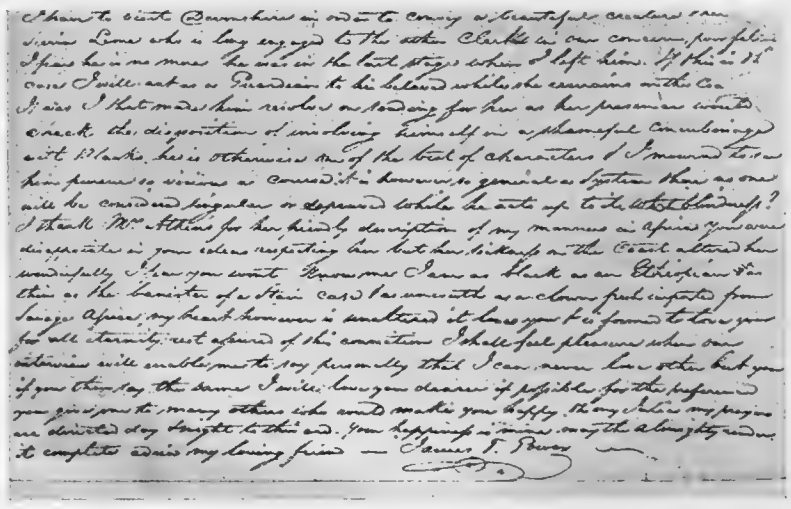
In the meantime Julia was recording in the small space allotted for each day in her diary occasional mentions of "My dear friend" from whom she had not heard for 10 months. Then comes a record of receiving a box of presents from him, and a visit to London, where she met the "amiable and prepossessing" Mrs. Atkins and her son and presumably heard something of the wonderful journey to Sierra Leone.

* * *

It was not long before Power realised the deadly nature of the climate of the west coast and began to think he had been sent out with "the idea that a short residence here will consign my memory to everlasting obscurity." He himself became a victim to fever early in the following year, having so many recurrent attacks that the doctors advised his return to England, which he reached in July. His quick return was not welcomed by Julia's father, who apparently refused to allow the lovers to meet. Power writes copiously about his feelings on the matter, and is delighted with a reply from Julia which gives him the assurance of her sincerity. He tells her that he himself has ever been true to her, that "no other female, white or black, handsome or ugly," had ever lured him from her. With the touch of melodrama which so distinguished him, he sent her a diamond mourning ring with his name inscribed "James T. Power," and a space for the date of his death. He had evidently expected to return to Africa almost at once—but did not actually do so till November, and before that time Colonel Woodforde had relented sufficiently to invite him to stay in his house, where he again met his beloved Julia. From Julia's diary they appear never to have been alone together, some member of the family always being with them. When he left he arranged to send letters secretly to her at the post office, indicating that he was no longer allowed to correspond openly. Writing from the Spread Eagle Hotel, Gracechurch Street, in 1818, he says: "Visiting a Shop yesterday with a friend who was purchasing a Jaconnott dress for his wife, I bought one for my Sister, beautifully worked it will give her an idea of my Delicate taste, she will do me the favour to accept it. I wish you would command me to make further purchases, how much pleasure would it not afford me to comply. To day the Lottery was drawn, your desire should have been obeyed if I was acquainted with it yesterday. I will, however, enquire if there is a second Drawing & accomplish your wishes . . .

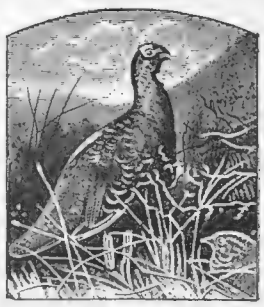
"I have to visit Devonshire in order to convey a beautiful creature there to Sierra Leone, who is long engaged to the other Clerk in our concern. Poor fellow I fear he is no more, he was in the last stage when I left him . . .

"I thank Mrs. Atkins for her friendly description of my manners in Africa, you were disappointed in your ideas respecting her, but her sickness on the Coast altered her wonderfully. I fear you won't know me, I am as black as an Ethiopian, as thin as the banister of a Stair case & as uncouth as a clown fresh imported from Savage Africa. My heart, however, is unaltered, it loves you & is formed to love you for all eternity, rest assured of this conviction. I shall feel pleasure when our interview will enable me to say personally that I can never love other but you. If you say the same, I will love you dearer if possible for the preference you give me to many others who could make you happy. Oh my Julia, my prayers are directed day and night to this end. Your happiness is mine, may the Almighty render it complete. Adieu my loving Friend." Part of this letter is reproduced here. He tried desperately to obtain work in England, but had to go back to Sierra Leone, though feeling certain that he would never return from it. He writes: "My very soul is overwhelmed with grief and frightful apprehensions of the dangers." With such anticipations he naturally could not stand the climate (he even wished that he was "yet entombed within the walls of La Trappe") and easily succumbed within nine months of his return, dying at sea when he was again on his return to England. Some eighteen months later poor Julia received a bundle of his letters forwarded from the manager of the company—and thus ended her romantic attachment for the Trappist monk.



ADIEU MY LOVING FRIEND

*A leaf from a letter from James Power to Julia Woodforde.*

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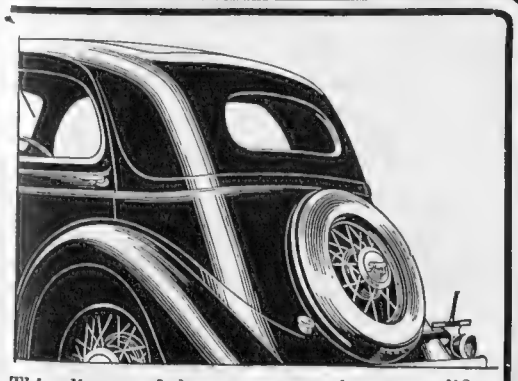

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WHERE IS IT? AN UNNAMED COLOUR PRINT. A CONUNDRUM PICTURE FOR OUR READERS.

*The above illustration is from a coloured print purchased a few months ago in Bath. But it is not a view of that famous city, so say the learned ones there. If it is not of Bath, of what place is it a view? It is a very carefully drawn and tinted print, the initial, "W. H." on a bale in the cart on the left may give a clue to the artist's name. On a shop front beneath the church tower there is a board bearing the words "Garvik's State Lottery Office." To the right there is another lottery office, "Richardson & Goodluck's," while on the shop on the extreme right, boards announce "Irwin's Fruit Lozenge Warehouse." By His Majesty's Royal letters patent, Irwin seems to have been a maker of fruit lozenge drops. The little girl is evidently asking for some. On the extreme left, the word "Exportation" appears beneath the woman looking out of the window. Can any reader identify the view? There is a church and a classic frontage with urns to help.*

# CHRISTMAS TIME

By JOHN CLARE

(1793-1864)

Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now,
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bow ;
Though trampling 'neath a winter sky,
O'er snowy paths and rimy stiles,
The housewife sets her spinning by,
To bid him welcome with her smiles.

Neighbours resume their annual cheer,
Wishing, with smiles and spirits high
Glad Christmas and a happy year.
To every morning passer-by ;
Milkmaids their Christmas journeys go,
Accompanied by a favoured swain ;
And children pace the crumpling snow,
To taste their granny's cake again.

The block upon the fire is put
To sanction custom's old desires,
And many a fagot's bands are cut,
For the old farmer's Christmas fires ;
Where loud-tongued gladness joins the throng,
And winter meets the warmth of May,
Till, feeling soon the heat too strong,
He rubs his shins and draws away.

POSTAL RATES FOR "THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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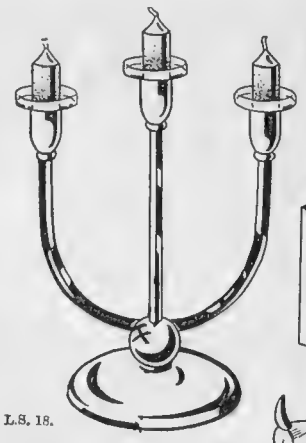

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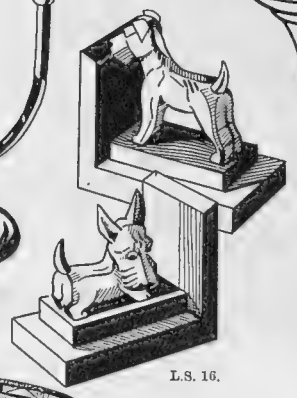

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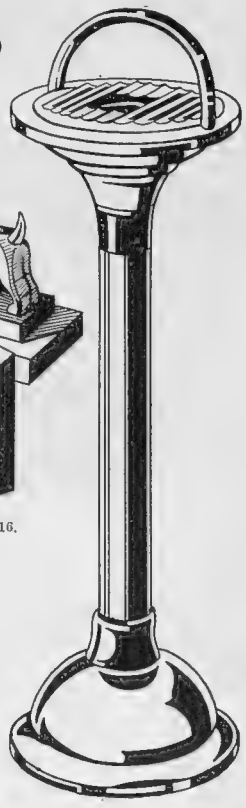

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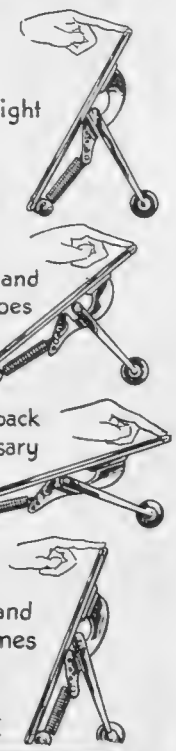


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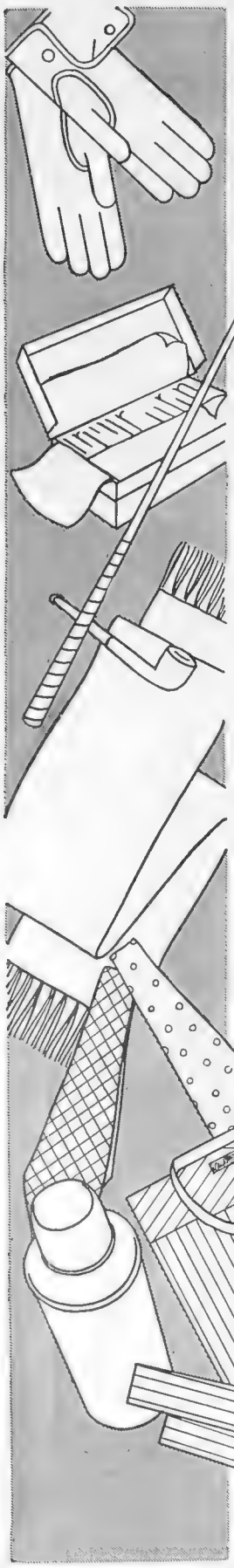

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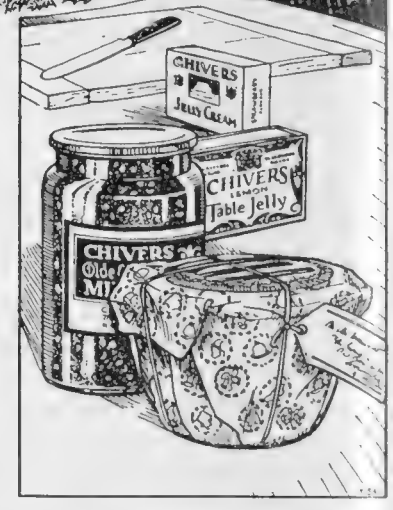


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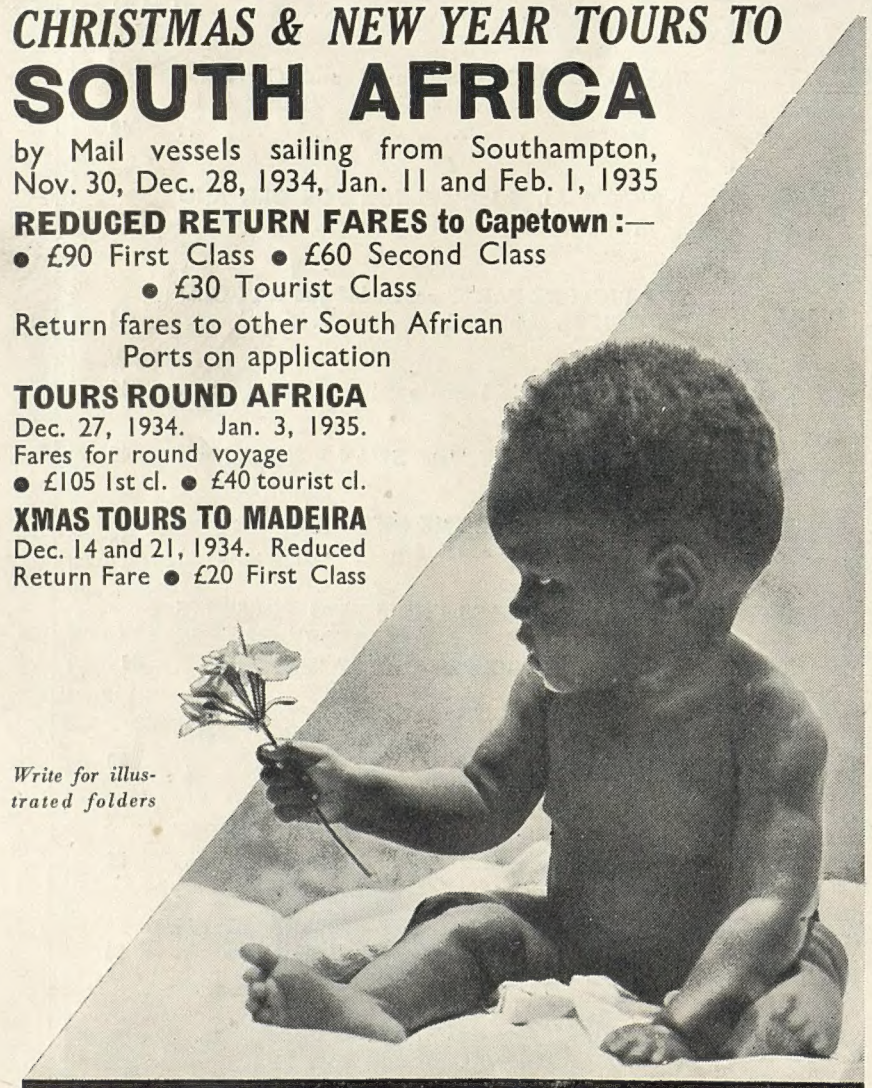

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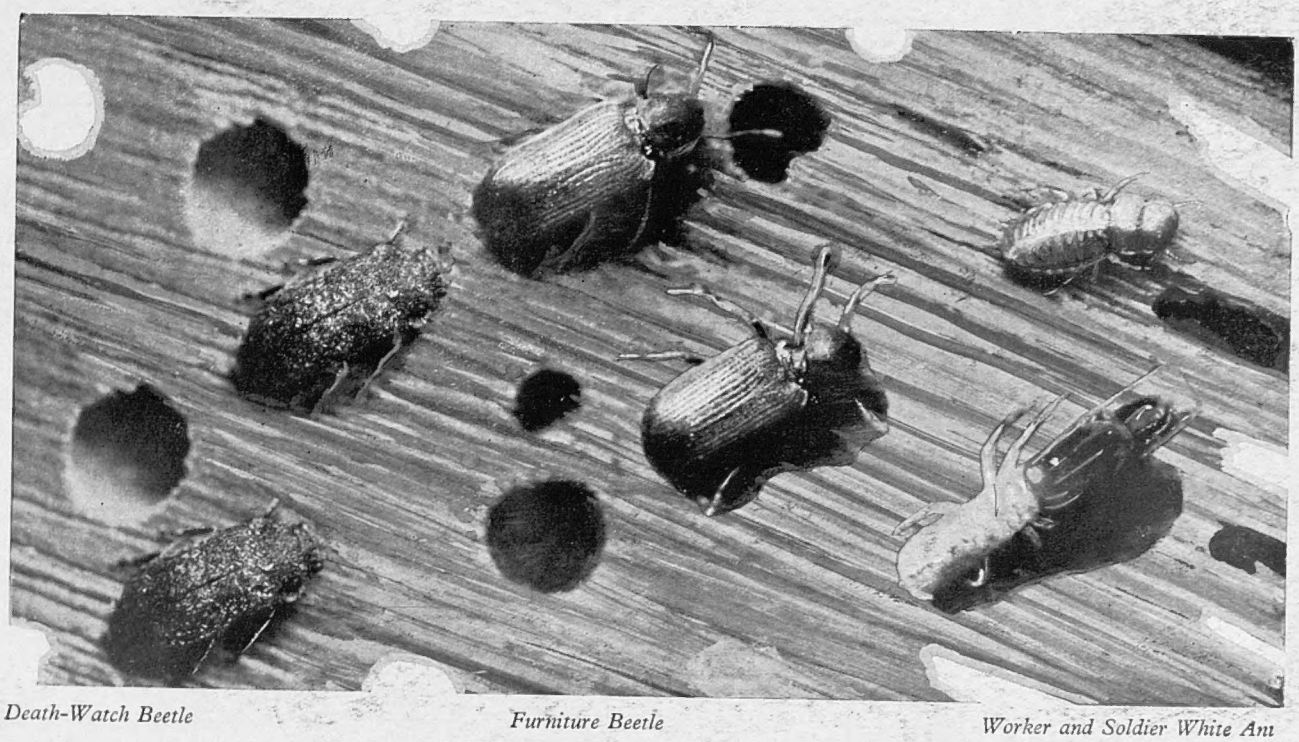

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